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ART. I.—*An Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul, being the Substance of Observations made during a Mission to that Country in the Year 1793. By Colonel Kirkpatrick. Illustrated with a Map, and other Engravings. London, 1811, 4to. pp. 386.*

THE succession of our conquests in India, the increasing interest with which the aggrandisement and precariousness of our possessions there are viewed, and the learned spirit which has gone abroad in Asia, and transmitted to the mother country the history and curiosities of that quarter of the world, combine to make all voyages and travels in the East, matters of moment and speculation.

Colonel Kirkpatrick's account of Nepaul is a quarto, elegantly printed, with an excellent map, and well executed plates. This work was not at first intended for the press, and apologies are made in the preface for its unpolished state. Much valuable information is, however, to be drawn from it; and we can venture to affirm that to the East India company it is a document of no common utility.

At the foot of the mountainous track of Tibet, which seems naturally to divide Asia into a northern and southern continent; and to the north of the extensive empires of Hindostan, is situated the retired kingdom of Nepaul. Rugged and remote, offering few facilities for travelling, or advantages of commerce, and uninviting to the geographer or the conqueror, this territory has long lain unexplored, notwithstanding idle reports represented it as

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another El Dorado. The few relations concerning it, which reached the British settlements were conveyed under suspicious circumstances, and by characters to whom no dependance could be placed. Zeal might suggest falsehood to a missionary, and the lives of a robber or a pedler could not entitle *their* communications to credit. As the circumstances which led to our author's mission are curious, and necessary to the understanding what follows, we shall briefly detail them.

When Lord Cornwallis was governor of India, in the year 1792, an opportunity offered of exploring these regions.

The court of Pekin, resenting certain encroachments which had been made by the government of Nepaul upon the rights of the Lama of Tibet, whom the emperor of China had, for some time past, taken under his protection, or, in other words, had subjected to the Chinese yoke, came to the resolution of chastising the aggressor, or *the robber*, as the rajah of Nepaul was contemptuously styled in the Chinese dispatches to Lord Cornwallis on the occasion. For this purpose a considerable army was detached (under the command of a kinsman of the emperor) which, after traversing the dreary and elevated regions of Tibet, had penetrated, with little other opposition, besides what was presented by the nature of the intervening countries, within a short distance of the city of Kholmah; It was then that the ruling power of Nepaul, which, in consequence of the minority of the reigning Rajah, was at this period vested in a regency, alarmed at the danger with which it saw the kingdom menaced, earnestly implored the assistance of the Bengal government.

For the first time a Chinese force beheld the valley of the Ganges; and contemplated with stupid admiration and barbarian envy those realms which were subdued and improved by European arms and civilization. Contemptible as an enemy, but formidable as a border robber; the soldier of Pekin could afford no real or permanent alarm to the British settlements; but disputes with us might be liable to interrupt the commercial tranquillity which we now enjoy at Canton. The jealousy of a miserable government might retaliate in treachery the chastisement we might inflict in justice; and the blow which we dealt on our northern frontier, might reverberate to the eastern ocean.

The regency of Nepaul required our assistance, which could not be afforded without a direct departure from the system of policy laid down for its general guidance by the

legislature. This therefore was refused; but a mission of mediation to the Chinese head-quarters was proposed, and accepted; although more effectual aid was, perhaps, hoped for, and captain (now colonel) Kirkpatrick was appointed to conduct the negotiation. He made all possible despatch from Patna, whence he was to be escorted by a deputation from Nepaul; yet before he arrived there, imbecility and apprehension had listened to the terms of the invader. The dominions of the Goorkali were snatched from the fear of conquest by conditions probably most dishonourable; while a short delay and counsels less vacillating would have compelled, in all likelihood, the Chinese themselves to solicit a safe retreat, suffering, as they were, under the complicated evils of famine and sickness. Be this as it may, sufficient subject of discussion still remained between Bengal and Nepaul to render it advantageous to continue the negotiation on other grounds.

Accordingly there was not much difficulty in leading the Nepaul ministers, to this point. It would have been, at least, an ingracious return to the friendly disposition recently manifested towards them by the company's government, if they had rudely sent back the envoy of the latter, after he had, as it were, advanced to their door with their own concurrence, and in the prosecution of their immediate interests. He therefore, some time after his arrival at Patna, received a sufficiently pressing invitation to proceed to Nonkote, where the Rajah of Nepaul at that time held his court, and having obtained the necessary authority for the purpose from his own government, he proceeded thither accordingly.

The gentlemen who accompanied the envoy on this occasion, were the late Lieutenant Samuel Scott, assistant to the deputation, Lieutenant (now Major) W. D. Knox, in command of the military escort, Lieutenant I. Gerard, (attached to the escort), and Mr. Adam Freer, as surgeon. The escort consisted of two companies of sepoy; and Moulavee Abdül Kadir Khan, an intelligent and zealous native servant of the company, who had been employed by Mr. Duncan in negotiating the treaty of commerce already alluded to, and who had, on that occasion, resided some time at Khâtmandû, was likewise attached to the mission. P. 11.

We are informed, that these gentlemen acted in the most conciliatory manner, with unremitted attention to the advantage of the company and the prejudices of the natives. It will be recollected, that this is the only attempt hitherto made, unless we except a short account of Nepaul, which appeared some years since in the Asiatic

4 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.*

Researches, 'to present the public with a general idea of a country and people, particularly interesting to an English reader, on account of their vicinity to the principal settlement of the British nation in India.'

We shall follow Colonel Kirkpatrick as closely as our limits will permit us, in his route, omitting all places and adventures of inferior consequence; and, as often as his style is concise enough, availing ourselves of his own words. Munniary is the last town on the East India Company's side of the river Bhâgmatty, whence the colonel set out and passed the river which separates the British dominions from those of Nepaul, in a direction nearly S.S.W. Seriva, consisting of a few paltry huts, is the frontier village on the other side the stream. This country, as we may judge from the desolate tanks, and the ruins of an ancient city at no great distance, was once much more populous than it is at present. These remains are situated between the rivers Bukkia and Jumne: the water of the latter is very unwholesome, to which the sufferings of the British here in 1769 may in great measure be referred. Bâreh is a mean place, and the defence of its fort is ridiculous. Although the other road is more circuitous, yet commerce does not pass this way from Nepaul to Patna, but by Goolpussra. Soon after this, the colonel passed the mean village of Soophye, and crossed the dull stream of Billye, just before the entrance to the great forest.

'I was three hours in proceeding from what is considered as the proper entrance of the great forest, to the village of Jhurjhoory, which may be said to mark its northern limit; I therefore judge its breadth by the road to be somewhat under ten miles; for though the ground throughout was very good, yet, as we were occasionally not a little impeded by trees that lay felled, across our path, and by others, under which it was not easy to pass, I cannot allow more than three miles and a quarter per hour. The horizontal depth assigned to this forest in the map, is eight miles and a half. Our course, for a short time after we entered it, was about north; it was next a good deal easterly; and during the last hour lay considerably to the westward.

'This forest skirts the Nepaul territories throughout their whole extent from Serinugur to the Teesta, separating them every where, either from the company's or the Vizier's possessions. It is not, of course, equally close or deep in every place; some parts having been more or less cleared away, especially those which are situated most favourably for the commerce of timber, or in the vicinity of flourishing towns. To the eastward, some considerable tracts are reported to be quite clear. I cannot

pretend to enumerate the great varieties of its trees; but the principal for size and utility, are the Saul, the Sissoo, the Setti-Saul, the Phullamikha, (or iron wood), the Sâjh, the Bhurra, the Summi, and the Mûlta. The ebony is also, I understand, found here. This forest is much overrun in the Jhurjhoory quarter with underwood and long grass. The part most resorted to by the wood dealers, appears to be that which borders on the Boggah district, timber being transported from thence even to the district of Calcutta. I am inclined to think, however, that notwithstanding the convenience afforded by the vicinity of the Gunduck, a more advantageous spot might be selected for the operations of the wood merchants. The Nepaul government levy, I believe, very high, and consequently, in a commercial view at least, impolitic duties on this traffic: whether or no they are influenced, in this respect, by the idea, that the vigorous prosecution of it would have the effect of diminishing the strength of the barrier which this forest no doubt constitutes, I had not the opportunity of ascertaining. Upon my remarking on the ill-tendency of such restraints, it was thought a sufficient justification of them to declare, that they had not originated with the present government, which did no more than follow the ancient practice in this particular.

‘ Besides valuable timber, this forest affords another source of profit to the Nepaul government in its numerous elephants; but this, like the timber, is not improved so much as it might be. The governor of the Turrye told me, that in his district, from Somoisir to the Kousi, there were caught annually between two and three hundred elephants; much the greater part, however, of these, are very young, not being above five hants, or seven feet and a half high; nor can they well be supposed able to catch any of a superior size, as the animals are not driven into a keddah, or enclosure, but are caught by snares or nooses thrown over their necks by a mahoot seated on a decoy elephant. The rope being immediately drawn, the end of it is secured round a tree, from which it is easy to conceive that they often break loose, and are not unfrequently strangled in their struggles. There is, therefore, a double disadvantage attending this imperfect mode of catching these animals, for while it clearly tends to diminish the breed, it renders the elephants so prematurely caught, of little value.’

The rhinoceros and the tiger are also indigenous in these woods; and, as the natives told the colonel, certain trees which he saw bound with jungle grass, indicated their vicinity and the danger of the road. This was, indeed, differently accounted for, and it appears to us the most natural solution, that as the inhabitants are particularly superstitious, these might be propitiatory offerings to the demons of the woods. Such demons are supposed

6 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepal.*

to inhabit the groves of India, as well as the pine-clad mountains of North Britain. From hence the path led through the romantic pass of Cheeriaghati, where a curious cascade arrested attention, and proceeding onwards the mission reached Hettowra, a miserable and unhealthy town, although the grand emporium of these parts.

The second chapter gives us a second route from Segouly to Hettowra, the way by which the author returned; it contains some not incurious matter on the courses of rivers, a farther description of Hettowra, and the mode of catching fish in the neighbourhood. This is done by means of diving in shallow water, and catching the fish in the hands or teeth, nets (we doubt the colonel's expression, '*casting nets*'), being placed near. The price of labour here is regulated by government, as no sort of merchandize can be transported over the hill country, beyond the town, except on the shoulders of hill-porters. A curious plate of the hammock or palanquin is subjoined, in which travellers are conducted over the mountains. We have already mentioned the timber of these regions; it contains an inexhaustible source of revenue. 'The pines of the Bechiacori, and the Saul-trees, are not, perhaps, surpassed in any other part of the world, either for straightness or dimensions, or probably for strength or durability.' The mineralogy of this country deserves a more scientific writer than Colonel Kirkpatrick, to illustrate it. We are of opinion, from the few hints dropped in this work, and from surmises which we have heard advanced by those who may be supposed adepts, that this territory will hereafter be a rich field for mineralogical speculation, although, as we before hinted, it is not quite an El Dorado.

Proceeding onward from Hettowra, the mission marched up to the bed of the Rapti, the slipperiness of the bottom forming the only inconvenience. The fall of the largest cataract was not above four or five feet:

'the perpetual roaring occasioned by the impetuous course of this stream over its rocky bed, adds wonderfully to the effect of the wild and picturesque scenery that adorns its lofty banks, the hills which confine it, being of an immense, though not uniform height, and abundantly clothed with a great variety of beautiful trees.'

This passage of course must be impracticable during the periodical rains. Someway farther on, the ascent from Bheem-phede to Cheesapany fort, is for the most part diffi-

cult, and the depth of the precipices must be truly frightful, when we are assured, that the largest cattle from the road did not appear larger than the size of a bird!! Either the cattle must have been rats, or the birds the Rocs of Sinbad.

The military remarks scattered through these volumes will doubtless be of future advantage to the troops of the company. The state of defence of the forts, or their dismantlement, are surveyed with accuracy, and will not be forgotten where the intelligence may be useful. But when we enter a country as spies, are we to wonder at the jealousy of the natives? When we calculate on the range of their ill-served artillery, or have already, in our mind's eye, drawn our first parallel, can it surprise us, if the Hindû is lax in inviting us, and watches our visit with suspicious circumspection? We confess we cannot agree in giving bitter opprobrium to 'the habitual jealousy of the Goorkahs, the reigning dynasty of Nepal;' and if we saw a French engineer, even in times of peace, employed in noting down the vulnerable points of our dock-yards and fortresses, we really believe we should feel a little jealousy of his intentions. After all, in a political point of view, it may be right to gain every military information in a country where we are hospitably invited; it *may* be a part of the service to lay such details before their correspondent board; but we must at least hesitate in the *policy* of publication.

'Near the top of a peak (but not the loftiest of those which rise from Cheesapany mountain), situated to the north-west of the highest point of the pass, the mercury in the barometer fell to 23. 80 inches, which indicated an elevation of about 780 yards above the level of Bheem-phede. This peak, and, of course, all those around it, most of which are higher, is often covered with snow for a fortnight together during the winter. Indeed the snow lies sometimes a span deep, and for ten days together, even at Cheesapany fort.

'On reaching the point of the pass just mentioned (and which I judge to stand about 120 yards higher than Cheesapany fort), the mountains of Himma-lek suddenly burst upon the view, rearing their numerous and magnificent peaks, eternally covered with snow, to a sublime height, and so arresting the eye as to render it for some time inattentive to the beautiful landscape immediately below it, and in which mount Chandraghiri, and the valley of Chitlong, with its meandering stream, form the most prominent objects. Indeed the snow lay upon them as low down as their sides were visible to us, which in some parts was to a very considerable depth, notwithstanding the interposi-

8 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepal.*

tion of the stupendous mountains, which rose immediately to the southward of them.' P. 38.

This description of the view from the peak of Cheesapany continues for some lines farther, which must be one of the grandest that can be well imagined. The descent on the other side is by no means so dangerous, as a traveller would be warranted in concluding from the difficulties of his ascent to the summit. About midway, a rude temple, formed of a conical heap of stones, testifies the devotion of the mountaineer. After passing Tambek-kan and Markoo, the mission ascended the hill of Ekdunta, a description of which we cannot better give than in the colonel's words.

'Over this hill there lead two paths. Our cattle, and most of our people proceeded by the safest, but neither the shortest nor easiest. It lies to the left, and partly through the course of a rivulet. That by which I was conducted, winds round the right, or east face of the hill, at no great distance from its brow, and is the most alarming, if not the most dangerous passage that occurred in our whole journey; the breadth of it no where exceeds two feet, and in some places not so much. On one hand is the side of the hill, which, contrary to the general nature of these mountains, is here quite bare, affording neither shrub or stone capable of sustaining the stumbling traveller, on whose other hand is a perpendicular precipice some hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which the Markoo-kola rushes impetuously over its rocky bed. When I perceived the situation I was in, I should have been very well pleased to have got on my legs, though probably, so sure-footed are the bearers, I was better in my hammock, where, at all events, I was under the necessity of remaining, as the narrowness of the road did not permit my quitting it with safety.' P. 64.

On descending this dangerous pass, the country beneath appeared spotted with scattered cottages and hamlets, and were it not for the terraces, in which the fields were laid out (probably like the terraced land about Bridport, in Dorsetshire), the whole might be compared to the smiling vales of England. The first station that has any appearance of a town, although it is very inconsiderable, is Chit-long, from whence Mount Doona-baisi must be ascended. This abounds in many curious trees, of which the names and properties are not familiar to the most intelligent botanist. When, in some future century, we have taken advantage of the divisions in the government, and silenced the hill-forts, so ably surveyed by the colonel, and planted our standards on the rocks of Tibet, we may expect the

most ample augmentation to our mineralogical and botanical nomenclature. Nature appears most lavish in these regions, where the summits of the mountains are covered with snow, but where invariably a most delightful scene is spread below.

The 4th chapter, which is episodical, will be found most uninteresting to a general reader; and we see no reason why it should not have been placed at the end of the itinerary, to which it does not rightly belong. It consists of a disquisition on the division of lands in Nepaul, of the measures and weights in use, of the cultivation of the soil, of the labourers and their classification, and of military service. Under each of these heads, the curious on Indian affairs will be enabled to glean information; but as we have before said, they will be of little general use, and we shall therefore omit to comment on them, and resume the itinerary.

We left the mission on the Doona-baisi, whence it proceeded across the Doona valley, and after some time ascended

‘the south side of Mount Koomhara by a road far the worst of any that occurred in the whole journey, being for the most part exceedingly steep, and lying in many places along the edges of frightful precipices, to say nothing of the great height of the mountain, and the number of rocks necessary to be clambered over in the course of the ascent.’

Yet this declivity, rugged as it is, is laid out in rice fields! The colonel next describes the valley of Noakote, through which the travellers passed. The river which flows through it, is with difficulty curbed by immense embankments of stone; the eels in this stream are of the largest size, and most delicious flavour. Here is a brick temple, dedicated to the goddess Maha-Mai, or Bhowani, and numberless offerings of brass vessels, and various sorts of weapons are suspended from the projecting roofs. As we hang the banners of our vanquished foes in the cathedral of St. Paul's, in the sanctuary of the god of peace; so, by a similarity of barbarism, the uninstructed Nepaulian bedecks the temple of his idol with the trophies taken from the Chinese. The arms lost by Captain Kinlock's detachment in 1769 had augmented their military and religious ornaments; but the polite Nepaulian had secreted them, in compliment to Colonel Kirkpatrick, in his passage through the valley. The same goddess, a type, probably of ‘nature,’ or the ‘universal mother,’ (for that is the meaning of the

10 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.*

term Maha-Mai), is worshipped also, in a rude temple, at Daibhy Ghaut, where our travellers made several observations.

'The officiating priests are usually Newars, those people considering her the tutelar divinity, or patroness of their tribe: The oblations consist principally of buffaloes, on the flesh of which the ministers of the goddess unscrupulously regale, a special revelation of her divine will having some years ago rendered it lawful for the Newars to feed at all times upon this animal.' P. 119.

The following anecdote of the Regent of Nepaul, we insert, as well from the curiosity of it, as, because it is nearly the only anecdote in the book.

'Upon certain missionaries offering to instruct him in the most useful branches of mineralogy and metallurgy (respecting which this prince is very curious), provided he would embrace the Christian faith, he coolly replied, that his rank in the state made it inconvenient for him to accede to the proposed terms, but that he was ready to substitute two or three men, who should make as good proselytes as himself. The missionary rejecting this expedient, and the regent not comprehending, or affecting not to comprehend, why three souls should be of less estimation than one, very gravely inferred, that the Holy Father could only be prevented from accepting so fair a proposal, by the desire of concealing his ignorance of the arts which he had professed himself qualified to teach.' P. 121.

A princess a short time since burnt herself here at her lord's funeral pile, and another lady of the same rank was shortly after invited to the same entertainment; but having a great deal of business on her hands at home, she sent a polite excuse. The scenery around this place is of the wildest and most grotesque nature, and the various elevations are jumbled together in a manner truly hideous. At p. 132, is delineated the representation of a beautiful bird, not unlike our pheasant, called the Khâlidge. This bird is to be met with in the thickets which overshadow the gorges of Noakote. It is not to be found in great quantities, for several times it was sought with guns, but always unsuccessfully: and the country appears to be as unfavourable for angling as for fowling, for though fish swarm, yet the rapidity and the clearness of the streams, prevent them from biting. From the valley of Noakote, after crossing the Tadi, over a rudely-constructed bridge, the colonel reached the foot of Mount Bheerbundy, of stupendous elevation; yet the ascent is of a different cha-

racter from those hitherto explored, safe, easy, and pleasant. The rarified air, we suppose, on the heights, exhilarated the colonel's spirits, for, dropping the monotony of his usual mode of detail, he grows all at once frisky and poetical, telling us below, that 'Ossa seemed heaped upon Pelion, and Olympus on Ossa.' But let us hear what he says after this ejaculation. We fully partake with him in his classical feelings on a mountain where Virgil was certainly never spouted before.

'I am conscious, though, I confess, not ashamed, that I never have occasion to mention the stupendous mountains which constitute this most interesting picture, that I do not indulge in an enthusiasm of expression, as well as of imagination that may appear very affected, or very extravagant, both to those who have never beheld, or those who are familiar with such alpine scenes. Possibly much of the sensibility of myself and fellow travellers on this point might be owing to the circumstance of our not being at any time fortunate enough to enjoy so long or favourable a view of this sublime scenery as could sufficiently gratify even the coldest curiosity.' P. 138.

We confess ourselves at a loss to divine, in the latter part of this quotation, why the not seeing a view should make a man enthusiastic in the description of it; or why those who are, or are not, familiar with alpine scenery should *equally* think a warm admirer of it, 'very affected.' We feel with the colonel, but he must excuse us from reasoning with him.

After passing some inconsiderable towns, we at length arrive in the valley of Nepaul. Our tents are pitched on a rising spot of ground at not quite a mile from Khatmandu, the capital of this distant and hitherto unexplored region. We have here leisure to contemplate the very curious temple of Sumbhoo-nath, which stands on the summit of an insulated hill, rising abruptly from the level of the plain to the height of three hundred feet. A broad flight of steps, cut in the rock, which is pleasantly overshadowed by trees, conducts us up the ascent. At the foot of the steps is a colossal image in stone of the god Boddhi, who is considered by some to be the lawgiver of the Bhootias or Tibetians, and to be the same as the Fo of the Chinese. The edifice is unquestionably of great antiquity; a very well executed plate of it is subjoined to p. 149. It should, however, be noticed,

* that this view comprehends little more than that part of the sanctuary which appears to be more particularly appropriated

12 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.*

to the rites of the Bhootia worship, and which is encompassed by a sort of quadrangular edifice, containing a variety of small shrines and edifices.'

Nothing satisfactory can be ascertained respecting the foundation of this temple. The description goes to some length, which we regret we cannot lay before our readers.

To p. 153 is annexed a panoramic view of the valley of Nepaul, a mode of bringing neighbouring objects before our view unattainable in mere horizontal distances. This valley is nearly of an oval figure; and is bounded on the north and south by very stupendous mountains, which is not the case to the east and west where the elevations are not near so high. We shall close the itinerary with Colonel Fitzpatrick's description of Khatmandu, the hitherto unnoticed capital of Nepaul, and the final object of the embassy.

'It stands on the east bank of the Bishnmully, along which it stretches in length about a mile; its breadth is inconsiderable, nowhere exceeding half, and seldom extending beyond a quarter of a mile; its figure is said by the natives to resemble the Kohra, or scimitar of Daiby. The entrance to it from the westward, near which extremity of the valley it is situated, is by two slight bridges thrown over the Bishnmully, one of them at the north, the other near the south end of the town. The name by which it is distinguished in ancient books is Gongoolputten: the Newars call it Yindaise, whilst among the Purbuties, or mountaineers, it is styled Kathipoor, an appellation which seems to proceed from the same source with Khâtmandû, the present popular appellation of this city, and derived, as it is said, from its numerous wooden temples, which are, indeed, amongst the most striking objects it offers to the eye. These edifices are not confined to the body of the town, but are scattered over its environs, and particularly along the sides of a quadrangular tank or reservoir of water, situated a short way beyond the north-east quarter of the town, and called Rani-pok-rha. They appear to differ nothing in their figure or construction from the wooden mundubs occasionally met with in other parts of India, and are principally remarkable for their number and size, some of them being of considerable elevation and proportionate bulk. Besides these, Khâtmandû contains several other temples on a large scale, and constructed of brick, with two, three, and four sloping roofs, diminishing gradually as they ascend, and terminating pretty generally in pinnacles, which, as well as some of the superior roofs, are splendidly gilt, and produce a very picturesque and agreeable effect.

'The houses are of brick and tile, with pitched or pent-roofs; towards the street, they have frequently enclosed wooden bal-

conies of open carved work, and of a singular fashion, the front piece, instead of rising perpendicularly, projecting in a sloping direction towards the eaves of the roof. They are of two, three, and four stories, and almost without a single exception, of a mean appearance; even the Rajah's house being but a sorry building and claiming no particular notice. The streets are excessively narrow, and nearly as filthy as those of Bénarès.

'Khátmándú was reckoned, during the time of Jye Purkaush, to contain about 22,000 houses; but this amount is affirmed to have been very much augmented since that period, though not without some consequent decrease of Patu and Bhatong. This statement must, however, of necessity be understood as comprehending not only the population of the town itself, but of its dependant villages, it being manifest that there cannot stand, at the most, above 5,000 houses, on the ground occupied by this city; and indeed, though all those I discoursed with on this point appeared desirous of magnifying the number of its inhabitants, yet some of them pretty clearly admitted that the specified statement was meant to include most of its subordinate towns or hamlets, which are not less than from twenty to thirty.'—P. 160.

The seventh chapter treats of the name, climate, seasons, soil, and general face of the country of Nepaul; of its metals and its minerals; animal and vegetable productions; population and classes of inhabitants; customs and manners; religion, temples, and ceremonies; government; laws; administration of justice; commerce, arts, and manufactures; revenues and military force; coins, learning and language. In this wide field it is not worth our while to dispute on the etymology of Nepaul, or whether it should be spelt with an e or an y. Of the climate, it may be necessary to remark, that the northernmost of Nepaul scarcely lies in a higher parallel of latitude than twenty-seven degrees and a half—the oral information obtained by the colonel cannot be perfectly relied on. The barometer indicated the height of this valley to be four thousand feet above the level of the sea; an elevation which did not prevent the thermometer from rising once to eighty-four degrees. The lowest point, was forty-seven; and the mean temperature, on the average of fifty-one observations, was sixty-seven degrees. The rains commence earlier in Nepaul than in Hindostan; and great inundations are the consequence of their rapid descent. That gold-mines were contained in Nepaul, was formerly a very prevalent idea among the natives of Hindostan. The source of the error originated

'in no stronger a circumstance than the gold of Tibet passing

14 *Kirkpatrick's Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul.*

into Bengal and Bahar through Nepaul, for it would not seem that much stress has been laid on the occasional separation of a few gold grains either from the sand or from those consecrated pebbles of the Gunduck, known by the name of Salegrams.'

Some veins of silver have been discovered to the westward of Nowkote. With regard to other metals we have given our opinion in an early part of this critique. To the westward also, it is said there are some volcanoes: none however occurred within the colonel's route.

'The houses of Nepaul are universally built with brick, because the use of stone, though every where procurable within an easy distance, would be intolerably expensive in a country not admitting either of wheel carriages, or of water transportation.'

Marble and jasper are more uncommon in Nepaul than in Bengal: near Goorka there is said to be a considerable mass of rock chrystal, and there is an abundance of limestone; notwithstanding which the inhabitants use a cement of mud in the building their houses. The population of the valley of Nepaul, Col. Kirkpatrick thinks, may be loosely estimated at about half a million; and the inhabitants are principally made up of 'the two superior classes of Hindoos (or Brahmins and Chetrees, with their various subdivisions) of Newars, of Dhenwars, of Mhanjees, of Bhoptias and Bhanrahs.' In this short outline it is impossible for us to do justice to the discriminating classification given by our author. One singular fact it may be necessary to mention, that this is the only Hindoo country that has never been disturbed by the fanaticism of Mahomet, and the sword of his disciples. If this be strictly true, it contradicts the visionary speculations of many writers on the eastern progress of Mahometanism, of which theory we were before convinced, that too much has been asserted.

The religious festivals occupy a considerable space: they consist of a dry dull enumeration of teeth-breaking words, piled together without any visible utility, and certainly without any sensible amusement. The observations on the government of Nepaul are pointed, and written with ability; we cannot resist citing those which are merely preliminary,

'The genius of a government unacquainted alike with the positive and implied restraints imposed by a precise, not to say immutable law or constitution, and taking its colour, for the

most part, from the character and temporary views of the ruling individual, must necessarily be of too fugitive a nature, to admit of any delineation equally applicable to all periods and circumstances. Of this unsettled kind is the government not only of Nepaul, but perhaps all the Asiatic countries. It is formally, and in a great degree, essentially despotic; but its despotism, is on the one hand modified and in some measure meliorated by certain observances enjoined by immemorial usage, and not to be disregarded with impunity even by the most powerful prince; while, on the other, it is controlled by the active influence enjoyed and occasionally exerted by the aristocratic order already mentioned, under the appellation of the Thurgurs. But at the same time that it may reasonably be doubted whether the body of the people ever derive the least advantage from the political struggles of these chieftains, it is also obvious that the extent of the authority possessed by the latter, must always materially depend on a variety of contingencies liable to constant fluctuation: hence it would not be safe to deduce the general spirit of the government from its present condition, especially since it is certain that although the administration of Behadur Shah, during the minority of his nephew has on the whole been tolerably agreeable, yet considerations of expediency, suggested by a solicitude to maintain himself in his situation, have often compelled him to conciliate his colleagues, by compliances, which, according to the declaration of an intelligent person, who communicated with me very freely on this subject, have reduced the strength and energy of the Goorkali dominion to the mere shadow of what it was under the more vigorous, or, properly speaking, the more arbitrary sway of Purthi Nerain. Without attempting, therefore, to determine the actual force of the machine of government, we must be content to illustrate its construction as well as we are able, by adding to an enumeration of the principal officers of state, a brief account of the ostensible nature of their respective employments.

A succinct account of the offices and duties incumbent on all the privileged orders from the premier to the centurion is then given: and any account of the laws of Nepaul is naturally superseded, when we are informed that the Dhurma Shaster forms the basis of the code of civil and criminal jurisprudence. The exports and imports to and from the Company's dominion are not so extensive as they might be; and for a solution of this (p. 204) we are again referred to the cant term of 'jealousy.' The commerce, on the contrary, which is carried on between the inhabitants of Nepaul and Tibet is enormous. The reason is clear; no 'jealousy' is felt of a Tibetan officer measuring the offensive and defensive means of a

people whom he visits; and the commercial speculations of the Grand Lama, probably, aim at no ulterior enterprize under that designation.

The colonel honestly confesses that he has little to advance respecting the arts and manufactures of this remote nation; yet he informs us that the natives work well in brass, iron, and copper; and that their carpentry is respectable, though they are ignorant of the use of a saw. An attempt at the fabrication of fire-arms has been attempted without success. 'They gild extremely well, and among the bells they construct for the use of their temples, and other religious purposes, some are of a considerable size;' we are told that one at Bhatgong is five feet in diameter. Perhaps the least satisfactory part of this volume, and that which the colonel had least power of perfecting, is the account of the Nepaulian revenue; while prudence prevented him from attempting to ascertain military matters too diligently, as the people of Nepaul are (as we have before stated) most uncivilly 'jealous.' The ambassador conceives the state of their ordnance to be rather contemptible; nor can he conjecture how artillery can ever act with effect in so rugged a country. That we may never try the experiment, is devoutly to be desired.

Learning is not so totally extinct, or nascent, as might be supposed in this secluded tract. The Pundits of Nepaul rival, 'in the branches of Science usually cultivated by their fraternity,' those of any other Hindoo country. Judicial astrology, although perhaps we should reckon this an abuse rather than a proof of learning, has many votaries. Eight principal vernacular languages are spoken in this nation, exclusively of the Sanscrit; but the introduction of the first Sanscrit grammar is not correctly ascertained. The whole of India probably does not afford a repository of Brahminical MSS. equal to the solitary valley of Nepaul; and Bhatgong may, without impropriety, be termed the Benares of the Goorkhali territories. Three specimens of the Purbutti, Newar, and Koith alphabets are subjoined, and a long vocabulary of the Purbutti and Newar dialects. This takes up too great a length, from p. 221 to 252; a few specimens indeed of the Limboa and Newar dialects are added; but the whole might have been affixed to the end of the volume, in smaller print.

The viiith. chapter contains an historical outline of the

Nepaulian history. It would be gratifying to few readers to listen to the dethronements, usurpations, and factions of a barbarous dynasty. We never read a more dry detail: it consists chiefly of names placed in very dubious chronological order; and we can confidently announce, that neither entertainment nor instruction can be derived from it. The ixth, and final chapter describes the boundaries, extent, and the several divisions of Nepal, with various routes and distances. The former head is avowedly imperfect: the latter will be of considerable service to all future travellers towards the valley.

Subjoined to this volume are three appendices, the first of which is an extract from a memorial of the court of Khâtmândû, relative to the origin of the war with Tibet. (p. 339.) The second comprises official papers and letters relative to the mission to Nepal. These are in many respects curious. We will extract one of the shortest documents, as a specimen of eastern style, and adulatory hypocrisy.

B.—*From the Dalai Lama at Pootla Lassa to Lord Cornwallis. Recd. 3d Augt. 1792.*

'By the favour of God I am in good health! The tranquillity of mankind is the object of my wishes; God may fulfil them! I hope also for your lordship's health. I at this time address you on the affair with Goorkhali Rajah, whose country is contiguous to this. This man's father, and he, have to this time reduced all the Rajahs round about Nepal, and also Nepal itself; and from his craving disposition, wants to engage in hostilities with others. Thus in the year 1203 (1789) and the present, he has excited disputes with me. I have shown no disposition to contend with him, but he, from the blackness of his heart, will act hostility against me. Accordingly he has attacked my Zemindars in several places, and had in view to come to this quarter. But by the favour of God, this country has the protection of China; accordingly two deputies always remain here for my protection; they wrote information of this circumstance to the emperor, who detached a large army under the command of his officers to this country. When this intelligence reached the Goorkhali troops, they quitted my territory and fled to Nepal. It is the resolution of the officers sent from China, by the favour of God, to exterminate the Rajah of Goorkhali and the other chiefs. Accordingly they pursued the fugitives, and got possession of several places of the Goorkhali territories. The emperor, by the influence of his good auspices, will certainly soon obtain possession of Nepal and Goorkhali. The Rajah, however, to promote his object, proposes asking assist-

ance from your lordship, and will write lies and calumnies that the emperor has detached a large army against him, and that therefore he requests aid; that should your lordship not depute a force to assist him, the emperor will rise up hereafter against your lordship's government, as he has against his. Let not your lordship act agreeably to his artful insinuations, for the emperor is not hostile to any, except the Goorkhali, and it is a maxim of his majesty to take measures against him who first commences hostilities. If any of the chiefs or companions of the Rajah should fall into your lordship's hands, be pleased to seize and deliver them up to the emperor's officers, or, though you should not deliver them up, do not allow them to return to their country. The officers will write their sense of your lordship's kindness in so acting, to the emperor, to whom it will afford satisfaction. I request on my own part also, that your lordship will conform to what I have written. Your lordship is a protector of the Ryots, and the dispenser of justice, wherefore the Almighty has exalted you. The Ryots under your lordship's government live in ease and happiness. I hope your lordship will gratify me by letters.

'I have sent your lordship one pair of khauduck, 33 tolahs, and four maashas weight of gold dust, and a piece of Cochin (silk); be pleased to acknowledge the receipt thereof. *Dated 7th of Rajal, 1206, from Pootla (Lassa.)* [The original of the above letter is written in the Bhootia language.]

The Appendix, No. III. is really an interesting and authentic document. It is out of our power to abridge it, or to make any farther extracts. Itself is extracted from 'Padre Giuseppe Bernini's Account of Nepaul,' (in the 2d volume of the Asiatic Researches), and contains some relation of the invasion of Nepaul by Purthi Nerain.

We have now reached the close of the volume, and our general feeling is, that of instruction and entertainment. Weak will be the recommendation we can give it in comparison of the general character which we understand it has already gained for itself. Its sale and perusal will by no means be confined to those who are immediately interested in East India affairs, but it will also be treasured by domestic collectors as a valuable geographical document. The map has been composed with surprizing care, if we only consider the obstacles that naturally opposed themselves to the execution of it. Indeed, as far as it goes, it supersedes the geographical precision of Major Rennel: it corrects distances from actual survey; delineates most correctly the face of the country from ocular demonstration, and is almost a perpetual commentary on the major's orthography in the names of places.

Colonel Fitzpatrick writes like a gentleman of strong

sense and deep observation, and he scarcely ever fails to rivet the attention of his reader.

ART. II.—*A History of the Roman Government, from the commencement of the State, till the final subversion of Liberty by the successful Usurpation of Cæsar Augustus, in the Year of Rome, 724. By Alexander Brodie.* London, Longman, 1810, Svo. pp. 623.

THIS history of the Roman government is divided into five chapters. The first takes the subject 'from the commencement of the state till the erection of the office of plebeian tribunate in the year of Rome, 261.' Mr. Brodie speaks thus of the origin of the Roman government.

'The community being at first extremely *small*, and all the members being on a footing of equality, the *great* body were unwilling that individuals should be exalted *too* far above them, and they delegated to their magistrates such powers only as could not be executed by the whole community. For the preservation of order, they entrusted Romulus with the administration of the laws for life, under the title of king; and that military operations might be conducted in an orderly manner, they elected him, for life, their leader in time of war. The enactment of laws they reserved to themselves. But as it was thought proper to have the laws, which were afterwards to be approved of by the people, framed by some committee; and as, while they wished to restrain the power of their king, it was of importance to conceal from their enemies their deliberations concerning peace or war, they chose a council, composed of a hundred of the oldest and most prudent of their number, for life, and called them a senate.'

Part of the above is rather too vaguely expressed, and the author supposes the Roman government to have originated more in a spirit of systematic arrangement, than was compatible with the rudeness of the people. Mr. B. talks as if all the members of the Roman state were, previously to the appointment of Romulus to the regal office, '*on a footing of equality*,' and no individuals had any distinction of rank or office above the rest. But on consulting Dionysius Halicarnassus, II. 4, he would have found, that the Roman people, before this period, had experienced those blessings of political incorporation which necessarily suppose a difference of rank, or the exaltation of one individual above another. The Romans,

according to Dionysius Halicarnassus, did not at this time invent a new form of government, but adopted one which their ancestors had judged the best,* which their wisdom had established, which a happy experience had taught them to approve†, and under which they had enjoyed both the sweets of liberty and conquest.‡ But it must be confessed, that the early periods of the Roman history, instead of being supported by genuine and well authenticated documents, appear to be a mass of traditional accounts in which the fabulous predominates over the true. The Romans, says Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 1, 73, have not one ancient historian. The first Roman historian was Q. Fabius Pictor, who flourished in the second Punic war. His accuracy with respect to the events of his own time, is asserted by Dionysius Halicarnassus, lib. 1, 6, but his partiality is censured by Polybius, 1, 14. It is not easy to ascertain what where the documents from which Fabius Pictor derived his knowledge of the more early events of the Roman history. From the intimation of Dionysius 1, 74 ||, we should suppose, that his accounts were borrowed from some traditional stories preserved in the legends of the priests. But, amongst an ignorant people, we all know, that priests, whether Pagan or Popish, always show a stronger predilection for fiction than for truth. Though truth, as Polybius says, is the eye of history, yet by whom has the divine light of this eye been more often extinguished than by men in a sacerdotal mask?

If we may credit the account of the historians, the Roman people enjoyed a considerable degree of liberty under their first kings; but Servius Tullius introduced an important change into the constitution, by which the popular franchise was effectually destroyed. He divided the

* Πολιτειας * * * πην υπο των πατερων δοκιμασθει-
σαν ειναι κρατισην * * *

† ους απο μειζονος οιομεθα φρονησεως αυτην καταστησασ-
σαι, και τυχη αρεσχομενοι

‡ η παρεσχεν ημιν ΒΑΣΙΑΕΤΟΜΕΝΟΙΣ τα μεγαιστα
των εν ανθρωποις αγαθων, ελευθεριαν τε και αλλων αρχην.

|| εκ παλαιων μεντοι λογων εν ιεραις δελτοις σωζομενων
εκατος τις παραλαβων ανεγραψε.

citizens into six classes, which were sub-divided into one hundred and ninety-three centuries. But, as he placed, according to Dionysius Halicarnassus iv. 20. 98 centuries (Mr. Brodie following Livy, says 80*) in the first class, which was composed of the richest citizens, the power of all the other classes which contained together only 95 centuries, was, in fact, reduced to a mere nullity as long as the centuries in the first class were unanimous in their decisions. When this was not the case, the centuries in the second class were called in to vote, and so on till they came to the sixth class, which contained only one century. If the suffrages of the hundred and ninety-two centuries were equally divided, the single century in the sixth class might then give the casting vote. But this, as Dionysius remarks, could so rarely happen, that it was next to impossible.† The historian says, that in this new distribution of the elective franchise, the king *outgeneralled* (κατασρατηγήσει), the people, who did not immediately perceive the fraud. But have not the people been thus *outgeneralled* by tyrants in all ages of the world?

Previously to these innovations of Servius Tullius, the people possessed, as Dionysius of Halicarnassus remarks, (liv. iv. 20), according to the ancient constitution, (ἐκ τῶν παλαιῶν νομῶν), three most important rights which constitute the essence of political power, the right of disposing of all civil and military offices (ἀρχας ἀποδεῖλαι τὰς τε κατὰ πόλιν καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ στρατοπέδου) of passing and of repealing laws, (νόμους τοὺς μὲν ἐπικυρῶσαι, τοὺς δὲ ἀνελαιν), with that of determining when war should be undertaken or peace made, (καὶ περὶ πολέμου συνίσταμεν τε καὶ καταλυομένου διαγνῶναι.) These powers are greater than what are exercised by any people in modern times, either collectively or by representation.

It seems generally supposed, that what is emphatically called the patronage of the state, both civil and military, so essentially belongs to the executive, that without it, it could not carry on its functions. But, in countries where this patronage is enormous, where it is extended over all classes, where every third man, whom we meet is directly or indirectly under its influence, either by selfish enjoyment, sordid expectation, or some interested tie, the possession

* Livy says, however, 'Additæ huic classi duæ fabrum centuriæ.' Liv. l. 43.

† ἡ μακρὰν ἀπέχον ἀδυνατε. iv. 20.

appears to constitute a power to which it is impossible to contrive any adequate counteraction in any check or regulation; which wisdom can devise. It is, in fact, such a power as must render the possessor in reality, if not in name, absolute master of the liberties of the people, as long as the volitions of men are more under the sway of personal interest than of any other consideration. Where the power of any executive has become excessive and dangerous to liberty, it never can be effectually diminished without a diminution of its patronage. This patronage is, in fact, *power* of the most formidable kind, exercised not only over the bodies, but the minds of men. It is an engine of servitude more fatal, because more steady and permanent in its operations even than the sword. The sword may terrify, but patronage enervates a people. The sword may make them bend, but patronage makes them fawn. The sword may mutilate or destroy, but patronage is a slow poison which vitiates at once both the mind and heart. The sword may cause the people's despondency and the tyrant's hope, but patronage, when grown rank and noisome, operates like a blight upon every generous sentiment, and converts a nation of free men into the vilest reptiles under heaven.

A part of that patronage, which in most modern governments is engrossed by the executive, might, we think, be resigned to the people, or their representatives, with great advantage to the community. A violent outcry would indeed probably be raised against such a measure as tending to create an *imperium in imperio*, to weaken the springs and cripple the motions of the government. A clamour of similar import, and it must be confessed one, which proved of mighty power, was raised against Mr. Fox's India bill, which was one of the wisest measures which that great and good statesman ever proposed, as it tended to raise a barrier to that influence which, according to the noble vote of the House of Commons in 1780, is increasing, has increased, and ought to be diminished. But the cry of *imperium in imperio*, aided by the influence of the executive, operating through the medium of patronage, defeated this great and wise measure, and converted it through the instrumentality of Mr. Pitt into the means of aggravating that great national evil which Mr. Fox so strenuously, but so unsuccessfully laboured to reduce. The words *imperium in imperio*, which were then the war whoop of faction, might with as much justice be vociferated against the appointment of a constable or an over-

seer, or a churchwarden, or of any other officer, which is still left to the choice of the people. For these all constitute so many instances, though on a small scale, of the *imperium in imperio*! Nay, the mere appointment of the president to a social club, might, on the same *principle of reasoning*, be decried as an *imperium in imperio*, as an encroachment on the rights of the executive, and of course be subjected to its influence.

But it is time to return from the politics of modern England to those of ancient Rome. The destruction of the democratical part of the Roman constitution, which was accomplished by the division of the people into centuries, was soon followed by the establishment of a tyranny not only over the poor, but over the rich. For whenever the rich suffer the more humble citizens to be oppressed or conspire to deprive them of their due influence in the government, they are themselves always ultimately preparing the way for their own subjection to a despotic sway. Servius Tullius was assassinated by his son-in-law, L. Tarquin, who converted the government into a tyranny, with the perfect acquiescence of the people, who had no longer any interest in defending their ancient constitution.

'It will, no doubt,' says Mr. Brodie, 'excite surprise, that in a commonwealth like the Roman, any king should have been able to usurp tyrannical power. The only reason which can be assigned was, that the great body of the people, *being of no importance in the centuries, were not concerned that those should be held*; and that, of this, Tarquin availed himself to strengthen his power. While, by disposing spies in every quarter of the city, and by severities to his enemies, he prevented conspiracies against his power; he endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the people, and was as remarkable for liberality to his *soldiers*, as for insolence and injustice to the senators and rich citizens. Secure of the affections of the people at large, he was under no apprehension of the higher orders, who were the principal sufferers by his tyranny.'

The higher orders merited the oppression which they experienced by suffering the citizens in less affluent circumstances to be disfranchised, and then concentrating the whole power of the government in themselves. Mr. Brodie makes the following *sage* remarks on the distinction of the Roman citizens into patricians and plebeians.

'It is a principle of human nature to extend to the descendants of illustrious and worthy men a portion of that esteem and

veneration which were held for themselves. The descendants of senators, called patricians, would be more respected than other citizens of equal wealth, virtue, and merit. It was customary in Rome for the rich to plead the causes of the poor: in these cases, the sons of senators would be most employed, as, from the circumstance of senators officiating as deputy judges of the kings, and of sitting in juries, their sons would be supposed better acquainted with jurisprudence than the other citizens. A numerous attendance of clients being a proof of popularity and of superior talents, all the young men of eminence would strive to outshine their equals in this display of the public estimation in which they were held. In consequence of rivalry, sums of money would not unfrequently be given, so that in more luxurious ages, the number of clients denoted the wealth, rather than the talents of the patron. But, under the government of the kings, the limited fortunes of the wealthy citizens, prevented bribery to clients from being practised to any extent, and patricians being most attended, they were the most respected order of citizens. After the expulsion of Tarquin, the patricians would feel a common interest in establishing the aristocracy of family, and would contend that they were best entitled to fill the great offices of the commonwealth. But as the voting by centuries prevented the people at large from testifying their respect for the descendants of their venerable senators, as it gave exclusive power to the equites and first class, as the patricians could not command a majority of votes in the centuries of the equites and first class, and as the other voters would, in self-defence, unite in opposing their ambitious schemes, it would be necessary to drop their designs, or if they wished to limit the number of competitors for the great offices, to form a combination with the very persons whom they were anxious to exclude from competition with them. In order to prevent those of the second and third classes from competing with them, as soon as they attained wealth sufficient to entitle them to be ranked in the first class or equites, it was necessary to form an important distinction of ranks, and to confine all offices to one rank. The distinction was to be hereditary, and neither merit nor wealth was to entitle any one to the advantages of the privileged order. The patricians adopted into their order all the equites and members of the first class, who were not the descendants of senators, and a law was passed by the centuries for confining all the offices to them and their successors.

It does not appear, that the Romans gained much by exchanging the regal for a consular government. Instead of one tyrant, the people were oppressed by many. As a proof that the consular power was at first no blessing to the people, we have only to remark, that, in about fourteen years after its establishment, it was found necessary

to appoint a dictator, as the only remedy for the disorders of the state. But what must we think of that constitution which rendered it necessary to have recourse to despotism as a salutary expedient?

A sagacious writer well remarks, that the office of dictator was 'originally intended to serve the patricians at the expence of the people.'

The second chapter of this work is entitled 'from the erection of the plebeian tribunateship in the year of Rome 261, to the election of decemvirs, for collecting and framing the laws in the year 302.' Mr. Brodie says:

'The power of the plebeian tribunes was at first limited to protecting their own order. By writing the word *veto* (I forbid), on any *senatus consultum* (decree of the senate), they could prevent the passing of any law, and by expressing the same word, they could suspend or stop any proceeding relating to the plebeians, or in which their interests were involved.' * * * *

Mr. Brodie should have added, that the power of the tribunes was very much circumscribed by the circumstance that their opposition to any public measure was nugatory, unless it was unanimously expressed. If the aristocracy could gain over one of the tribunes, it would be sufficient to frustrate the hostility of the rest. This was not impracticable when their number was only five; but it became more easy when it was increased to ten. It is, we think, at least a matter of uncertainty whether the people were really benefited by the institution of the tribunate. It served to inflame the passions of the multitude, and to keep them in a state of perpetual agitation. But civil liberty is not likely to be much benefited by fermenting the resentment of the populace, or subliming it into paroxysms of frenzy by selfish hopes or imaginary fears.

The interval between the institution of the tribunate and the election of decemvirs, was a period of continual dissension between the aristocracy and the commons of Rome. The commons were intent on abridging the power and privileges of the patricians, who spared no effort nor artifice to maintain their exclusive privileges, and to keep the lower orders in a state of poverty and dependence.

Coriolanus, who, with more zeal than prudence, opposed all concessions to the people, was sentenced to be banished. The following is part of the character which Mr. Brodie has drawn of Coriolanus, and may serve as a specimen of his talents in this line.

'Veneration for military talents and bravery, has induced

ancient writers to ascribe to C. Marcius Coriolanus the most amiable qualities. If, however a judgment be formed from the facts transmitted, he will appear in a very different light. His filial affection, so highly celebrated, was probably owing, in a great measure, to the encouragement which his mother gave to the favourite bent of his inclinations. Had she confined her instruction to the humbler virtues, or had endeavoured to convince him that the plebeians were entitled to the same privileges as the patricians, there is reason to suppose that the same stubbornness and pride, which made him insult his fellow citizens on the subject of their sufferings, and join his enemies in making war upon his countrymen, *would have led him to despise the weakness of the female mind, and would have alienated his affections from his mother.* He loved her, *not because she caressed him, or inculcated the importance of the social duties; but because she flattered his vanity, and, as if superior to the weakness of her sex, encouraged the growth of heroic and masculine virtues.*

In the year of Rome 267, (but, according to Mr. Brodie, 268), Sp. Cassius proposed the first agrarian law, the recommendation of which afterwards became a ready expedient with demagogues for inflaming the passions of the populace, in order to serve the purposes of individual ambition. Cassius is said to have been put to death for affecting the sovereignty. Mr. Brodie tells us, p. 107, that he 'was destroyed shortly after the *expiry* of his consulate.' He adds, that 'his house was razed, and the area *still* remained where it had stood.' It is not very clear to what period this '*still*' refers. Mr. Brodie certainly does not mean the time when he was writing. With respect to the 'area,' or ground, remaining where the house 'had stood,' it was not very likely to be otherwise. For who was to take it away? Could not Mr. B. have expressed his meaning with less ambiguity?

The complaints of the Roman people, that the power of the consuls was excessive, and ought to be diminished, occasioned several propositions for altering the authorities of the state, some of which were carried into constitutional acts. The number of tribunes was doubled, by which no new protection was acquired for the liberties of the people, for the chances which the nobles had of corrupting some of the tribunes and rendering them subservient to their interests, were much greater when there were ten tribunes than when there were only five. The power of the consuls and that of the other magistrates were, for a short time, abrogated to make way for the reign of the decemvirs. But the decemvirs, after having compiled the famous code of the

twelve tables, soon began to abuse the power with which they had been entrusted, and to excite disgust by their insolent domination. Their power seems to have lasted between two and three years. Tacitus, ann. 1, says, that it did not continue more than two years. The former offices, which had been suspended, were then restored.

It deserves to be remarked, that amongst the laws which were composed by the decemvirs, there was one in which all intermarriages were prohibited between patricians and plebeians. Nothing can more strongly evince the aristocratic spirit which prevailed at this period, and the extreme jealousy with which the superior order of citizens viewed the pretensions of the poor. The Decemvirs, who had all been chosen from the nobles, seemed to have been anxious not only to preserve, but to perpetuate the invidious distinctions which split the state into two factions, whose political differences were inflamed by all the violent antipathies of personal animosity.

In the year of Rome 308, but, according to Mr. Brodie, 310, the law was annulled which prohibited the intermarriage of the patricians and the plebeians. It was also proposed, that the plebeians should be eligible to the consulate. In order to prevent the immediate enactment of this law, the senate proposed, that six military tribunes should, for the present, be elected in place of the consuls, three of whom were to be chosen from the patricians and three from the people. But only three were, at this time, chosen, and these were taken from the patricians. The consular power was restored the same year. But the office of military tribune, with consular power, was renewed in some of the following years, and was not finally abandoned till the year of the city 386. No plebeian appears to have been elected to the office till the year 353. Such were the artifices of the aristocracy, and such the forbearance of the commons of Rome!

The fourth chapter of this work contains 'the period from the burning of the city by the Gauls, in the year of Rome 363, till the murder of Caius Gracchus in the year 632.' In this period the Roman constitution experienced some important alterations. The people became eligible to the highest offices. Lucius Sextius was the first plebeian who enjoyed the dignity of consul. He was elected in 387. Persons of plebeian families were afterwards admitted to the prætorship. Q. Publil. Philo was the first plebeian elected to this magistracy, A.V.C. 418. After this a law was passed, which would probably have prevented

great dissensions, if it had been established in an earlier period of the commonwealth. It was enacted that creditors should have power over the goods but not over the persons of their debtors. The Roman laws of debtor and creditor had hitherto furnished the rich with the means of exercising the most inhuman tyranny over the poor; for the creditor could not only imprison his debtor, but could, after the expiration of 63 days, put him to death.

The law which was passed in 614 for voting by ballot at elections is commended by Mr. Brodie. Mr. B. like other advocates for a similar mode of popular suffrage, thinks it best 'calculated to prevent undue influence;' but does it not seem more likely to favour that corruption which is of the worst and most malignant species, because it is concealed? Is not that evil most to be dreaded which operates unseen? Is not that political profligacy of the most alarming kind, which the laws themselves conspire to hide, and to prevent from being brought before the awful tribunal of public opinion and public shame?

In the period of the Roman history of which we have been speaking, the elder Gracchus was put to death, and the younger, treading in the steps of his brother, was afterwards forced to fly, and solicit death from the hands of a faithful slave, in order to avoid it from those of an infuriated aristocracy. The following are some of the reflections which Mr. Brodie makes on the murder of Tiberius Gracchus:

'Diseases in the body politic have often been compared to those of the human body; and as it is sometimes necessary for the physician to prescribe medicines, and for the surgeon to perform operations, it is necessary for the statesman to propose plans for the improvement of political institutions, and for the people to make such alterations and innovations as circumstances may require, particularly if they can be accomplished consistently with the fundamental principles of the constitution. Such were the plans proposed by Tiberius Gracchus: as a tribune, he was bound to protect the people, and to watch over their interests; and the laws, which he proposed, were well calculated to effect these purposes. Of the two which chiefly gave offence, the first had been long enforced, and the latter was intended to prevent the senate from appropriating to themselves what the king of Pergamus had bequeathed to the people. If the laws were in themselves good, the only blame which can attach to him for the consequences is, that he did not attend sufficiently to the nature of the times; and that, by attempting a reform, he plunged the state in anarchy, and laid the foundation for despotism. That we may be able to judge with candour of

this proposition, it is necessary to reflect on the circumstances of the great body of the Roman people. They were unfortunately plunged into such an abyss of misery, that no change could render their situation worse; and the plan proposed for ameliorating it was one which seemed to hazard nothing. But the senate, by having recourse to the most illegal means to prevent the people from exercising their undisputed privileges, defeated the intentions of the tribune, and finally prepared shackles for themselves. As such an event had never occurred in Rome from its foundation, a period of six hundred and twenty years, it was not to have been calculated upon; and even although it had, as the people had nothing to lose, and as the senate and rich had a great deal, Tiberius would not have acted inconsistently with the public good, had he even foreseen that such consequences might proceed from his plans, since the faction which were likely to suffer, and did actually suffer from the measures which they proposed, bore no proportion to the people. In justification of the senators and rich, it may be alleged, that many had unadvisedly made purchases, and that they would have suffered great loss by the revival of the *Lex Licinia* at that time; but it ought never to be forgotten, that these purchases had been made in defiance of a law which had been long enforced, and, though neglected for some time, could not be considered obsolete. It was besides a law of public utility, and it becomes every virtuous citizen to make sacrifices for the public good.'

The fifth and last chapter of this work is 'from the murder of Caius Gracchus in the 632d till the single dominion of Augustus Cæsar in the 724th year of Rome.' After the destruction of the Gracchi and their adherents, the government of Rome became in fact an oligarchy. The great proprietors, aided by their clients or dependents, who, as has been remarked, in some measure resembled the vassals of a feudal lord in passive obedience to their respective chiefs, exercised a sort of uncontrolled domination over their fellow-citizens. The fate of the Gracchi had spread terror among the people. The magistrates of the republic, who had enriched themselves by their exactions in the provinces, brought home exorbitant fortunes, the expenditure of which was injurious in its effects to public morals and to public liberty. Their houses were filled with hordes of slaves, by whom their lands were tilled; and the opportunities which the former freemen enjoyed of obtaining a subsistence by honest industry were greatly circumscribed. The elections of the magistrates were influenced by terror and by force, and the freedom of suffrage was almost destroyed. Bands of

armed retainers were maintained by wealthy individuals, and these were frequently only bands of desperadoes who were ripe for every atrocity which vengeance might prompt, or ambition deem necessary to its views.

The events of the Jugurthine war fully prove how far corruption prevailed amongst the leading men, and how far the public spirit of the Romans had degenerated from that of their ancestors. Jugurtha for some time secured impunity to his accumulated crimes by bribing the senate and the commissioners whom the senate sent to examine into the charges brought against him. The want of public spirit and political probity, which became so prevalent in Rome after the destruction of the Gracchi, generated one species of public disorder after another, till every trace of a free government vanished in an unrelenting despotism.

In this history of the Roman government, Mr. Brodie proves himself a warm advocate for liberty, and he appears from the following quotation to be prepossessed in favour of a more democratic constitution, than is at present to be found in any of the European states. Thus he says, p. 499 :

‘ Governments are not to be judged of by appeals to particular cases ; but by their general result : that those of popular forms may be attended with inconveniences, cannot be denied ; the question is, what forms have produced the greatest happiness, or have tended most to improve the human mind and dispositions ? Those who are acquainted with the history of nations, will not hesitate to declare the palm due to popular forms, and of the popular forms to those which have been governed by regular magistrates chosen by the people, and directed by a council to whom the people have intrusted the management of affairs, only reserving such a controul over them as may prevent any abuse of the public confidence.’

Mr. Brodie sometimes utters ‘ *ex cathedra*,’ some very ancient truisms, with as much self-importance as if they were novel discoveries. Thus, p. 9, ‘ In all communities men will have less or greater numbers of children.’ P. 10, ‘ The quality of land is extremely variable.’ ‘ The produce of a field will be proportioned to the skill and industry with which it is cultivated.’ Some of Mr. B.’s expressions are a little uncouth to an English ear. Thus p. 16, ‘ Among those who fell victims to the tyrant’s jealousy were his blood relations.’ ‘ L. Junius feigned himself *stupid*, from which he got the cognomen of Brutus.’ P. 18, ‘ Her beauty and demeanour,’ (he is talking of

Lucretia) 'made such an impression on the mind of Sextus, that he was inflamed with *animal love*.' P. 21, 'It is a principle of human nature to extend to the descendants of illustrious and worthy men a portion of that esteem and veneration *which were held for themselves*.' P. 86, 'Did they remember an article in the *paction* concluded on Mons. Sacer.' The word '*expiry*' seems a favourite with Mr. Brodie. Thus, p. 107, he says, that Cassius 'was destroyed shortly after the *expiry* of his consulate.' P. 246, 'As they passed along the streets in *marching order*, they exhorted,' &c. Why could not Mr. B. have written more briefly, 'As they marched along the streets, they exhorted,' &c. P. 438, 'By gentle means they so far wrought on the people already *mollified* by the late kindness in relieving them of their debts,' &c. Mr. Brodie more than once uses the word '*tract*' instead of track. Thus, p. 564, he talks of persevering 'in a *tract*.' In p. 524, he writes, 'and he was compelled to *flight*,' instead of 'compelled to fly.' P. 594, Marius 'pretended great anger at a clause which proposed that the senate should *implement* laws.' The country to which Mr. Brodie belongs, has caused us to notice these literal defects, in order that when he writes another book, he may be a little less negligent of the English idiom.

ART. III.—*Despotism ; or, the Fall of the Jesuits : A political Romance, illustrated by historical Anecdotes.* London, Murray, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

THE once formidable government of the Jesuits is well characterized in this work. Some of the sketches, which it contains, of this mysterious society, are bold and masterly performances. The author draws his portraits with great force and spirit, and several of his descriptions are strikingly interesting. His remarks, both political and moral, are often very acute, penetrating beyond the surface of things, and affording much excitement to the reflective faculty. There is little variety of incident or story, but one great personage, called Ribadeneira, the general of the Jesuitic fraternity, is constantly kept in view. His moral or rather immoral lineaments, are stretched out in all the grandeur of wickedness; and Bonaparte himself might almost envy some of his talents for moulding mankind to his ambitious views.

Ribadeneira is first brought on the stage under the

pontificate of Benedict XIV. Benedict, while his capital was the great mart of Jesuitical intrigue, is said not to have troubled himself much about the perpetual legacy of infallibility which was bequeathed to him by his predecessors. In one of the bulls which was extorted from his good nature by the importunity of the Jesuits, he facetiously contrived to appear to tolerate the opinions he condemned, accordingly as a certain phrase was preceded or followed by a comma or a period. As rival factions were dispatched to the holy see to plead for the comma or the period, the successor of St. Peter sent another copy *unpunctuated* with his sovereign benediction.

Ribadeneira is described as having been educated in the 'solemn magnificence' of the Spanish court. Among the haughty he could endure no equal, and when in proud humility, he trod them down with the sandals of the monk, he felt himself born to rank among the masters of mankind. His skill had been tried in the political labours of ten years, and he was still only a solitary Jesuit. But his soul was inflamed with the lust of unbounded dominion. The caprice of fortune in the elevation of Alberoni, who was then wielding at his will the sceptre of the Spanish monarchy, excited his hopes and showed him that all, which is wanting to ambition, is, favourable opportunity.

Alberoni, who had been crossed by Ribadeneira in his own political labyrinth, '*was on the point of getting rid of the Jesuit quietly,*' when the court of Rome, in an extraordinary dispatch, recommended the wily intriguer to the protection of the Spanish minister. 'The cardinal (Alberoni), was startled! Was he delivered up into the hands of a mightier intriguer?' The cardinal, employing patronage as 'a substitute for assassination,' 'instantly promoted Ribadeneira to the bishopric of San Andero, a splendid exile.'

The ambition of Ribadeneira was too overflowing to be absorbed in the pastoral charge of a sequestered diocese. He turned his eyes to the vast continent beyond the Atlantic, and the idea crossed his brain of founding a new dynasty amongst the oppressed Indians under 'the grey cloak and the long beard of a missionary.' But at the moment 'he was hastening to become a missionary in Paraguay, the Roman cabinet urged his acceptance of the generalship of the Jesuits.'

Ribadeneira had long admired that influence, which in the depths of darkness, was forging chains for the world. But Ribadeneira only 'partially penetrated into the ge-

nus of the order.' On his way to Rome, the new general of the Jesuits mused on thrones subverted and new dynasties established!

'The secret on which the soul of Ribadeneira had long brooded, the secret of that dominion which was to subjugate the world, lie (lay) concealed in the mysterious INSTITUTE.' He

'grasped the terrific code of universal despotism; and in the inebriation of ambition and genius, he leaped into a secret throne, which seemed invested with omnipotence and omniscience, and he started at his own solitary despotism!'

The Jesuitic government had 'reduced man into an artificial animal,' leaving the motion of the limbs, but retaining in its own mastering hand the principle of action. The members were

'a monstrous body, indissolubly combined with their head, moving with one volition; tremendous Unity! The multitude in a Man! the ONE made up of the *Many*! This is the political Leviathan, who, when he raiseth up himself, the Mighty are afraid.

'By the side of the secret throne of the Jesuit, was placed an awful volume, whose leaves were like leaves of brass: it was the book of Life and Death, where the unrelenting hand of STATE NECESSITY traced its indelible characters.

'There, as in a secret tribunal, were chronicled the deeds and the words of the great; there, were developed the infirmities and the crimes of the sovereigns and the ministers of Europe; and the more potent men, whose secret oracles they obeyed; there, were disclosed the *Arcana Imperiorum*, the intrigues of courts, and the ferments of the people; there, the interest of the order enlarged or diminished empire; and there, its vengeance inscribed the names of kings with their blood.'

The court of the general of the Jesuits is well described with its sources of information, and its powers of corruption.

'When Ribadeneira looked into the cabinets of Europe, the infirm masters of the world to him formed but one jealous and discontented family, addressing each other by the style of brother; but a political brotherhood is without parent or friend.' 'In secrecy and in silence, Ribadeneira was bending his dark and sinuous course among the decaying governments of Europe; the world was agitated, but the Disorganisor was unknown! The footsteps of the politician must not be traced; in the Ocean of human affairs he passes like the keel of a ship that traverses the seas and divides the waves, yet leaves no track behind.'

Ribadeneira is described as accommodating his means to his end with admirable facility of application and versatility of stratagem. He was the advocate of liberty in one place, the asserter of the divine right of sovereigns in another, at once Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, and by turns every thing that could conduce to the interests of the Order, in opposition to those of all the world besides.

In part of the following, is the author painting with a strong, but rough hand the gigantic despotism of Bonaparte? Ribadeneira had said:

"The day that shews a Jesuit on the throne of France shall witness the conquest of Europe; a Caesar, who will acknowledge no code but the Institute!"

"It might have baffled the profoundest politician to have conjectured where Ribadeneira designed to put that bias in the round globe, which was to make it keep the direction of the Jesuitic hand.

"All was simplified according to the Institute!"

"To divide, and to reign," was but the first step of the universal despot—another! and the Colossus bestrides the two hemispheres! The sword of despotism breaks the pompous seals of treaties, and exclaims—"There are no balances in power!" For him to reign, the very word of liberty must not be breathed in one of the regions of the globe!

"It was in a general innovation, the great usurper was to grow and feel secure. When all was a rude heap, his hand would re-mould the heavy chaos—When old governments were forgotten, new dominions would stand in the freshness of youth and hope, for all parties—And to make men adhere to his fortunes, he was to wind their own destinies with his. There was but one great end, for the mighty ONE!"

The office of Vice-General in the Jesuitic empire, is, at this time, represented as filled by a subtle young Belial of the name of Acquaviva. He had been well disciplined in diplomacy in the school of Ribadeneira, and had practised the art in various European capitals. His character was such as would suit the court of the Thuilleries, or any other court in which perfidy is substituted for plain-dealing, and kneeling for religion.

"Ambidextrous, in the negotiation of a treaty with open lips and a closed heart, he was fertile in expedients to conceal, while he obtained his designs. He knew to be dilatory by rapidly hastening a treaty,—reserving insuperable difficulties to suspend its conclusion; or whenever an insurmountable obstacle, a *sine*

qua non occurred, he could invent an ambiguous expression, whose sense hereafter would be affixed as his master chose.

The fall of Alberoni, whose shadow still crossed the path of Ribadeneira, was assigned to Acquaviva, 'as a first practical lesson of the art of reigning.' Acquaviva accomplishes the work which his master had appointed him to do. A few traces stamp the character of Alberoni with the impress of truth.

* * * 'In the depth of his mind he thought like Tacitus, while he talked and gesticulated like the gardener's boy; so strong were the workings of nature in the peasant minister!' * * * 'In vain he substitutes for great enterprizes chimerical projects; their rise only announces their fall.' * * * 'Alberoni, ambitious as Richelieu, and supple as Mazarine, has still too much of Alberoni in Alberoni.'

That faculty which may be denominated the omnipotence of tyranny, the power of developing even the thoughts of its slaves, was hardly too great for the grasp of the chief of the 'Order of Jesus.' 'Confession was the microscope by which the Jesuits searched the naked human heart, and watched the beating of every fibre.' A Secret Register preserved the living portraits of all who belonged to the Order, or whom it concerned the Order to know.

Ribadeneira is described as having found a singularly efficacious instrument to promote the good of the Order in the person of Tellier, the confessor of Louis XV. To possess the monarch, he 'wound himself about the man; soothing the voluptuary with a code of royal morality, which simply consisted in lengthening the creed, and shortening the decalogue.' Tellier is painted as too wise 'to be wise before the king.' The grave Jesuit told facetious tales, collected biting lampoons, and unravelled secret history.

In chapter xxii. of this work, a stranger is introduced to the general of the Jesuits. The stranger is thus portrayed.

'He was of a commanding figure, tall, meagre, and pale—his features strongly marked with more fierceness than majesty, his brow contracted, his countenance clouded, painful thoughts were there—Whoever gazed on him might feel a shudder in their heart, whilst his motions were restless as his eye, which incessantly turning on every object, seemed full of suspicion and watchfulness.'

This stranger proves to be a member of the order, of the name of Rebello, who had been employed at Lisbon

in conducting a conspiracy, in which he had been unsuccessful. But to fail in the accomplishment of any purpose of the order, is to be criminal in the code of Jesuitic despotism. Rebello returns agitated between contending emotions and half penetrated with remorse for the career of crimes on which he had entered. The dialogue which ensues between him and Ribadeneira is a fine piece of dramatic painting.

Ribadeneira, after contemplating the stranger in silence, exclaims with mixed surprize and disapprobation,

"Rebello! and at Rome!"

"Behold the veriest wretch wherever he is!" replied the stranger.

"What wouldst thou? Comest thou a fugitive from thy duties; or art thou expelled from Lisbon?"

"What but despair could have conducted me into thy presence? Give me repose! let me forget myself."

"Rebello! thou wert born for better things! Thou didst enlist early in the career of glory in the Order. Wouldst thou retrace thy steps? Art thou one who with a coward's baseness forms grand designs, but ends them ignominiously? He who attempts great enterprizes, must be endowed with the force not to relinquish them but with life."

"The glory of the Order!" exclaimed Rebello. "I have heard that sound too often! It is ambition, which will not grant its votaries a pause from crimes."

"Mildly replied the adroit despot, "My son, thou hast long had my heart. Thinkest thou that glory is an empty sound, accompanied by power? Thou hast witnessed the secret energy of the Order. Do we not remunerate with imperial magnificence? Who placed the minister Carvalho by the throne of Portugal? Thyself! Canst thou think thou art "the veriest wretch," who to-morrow mayst ascend the throne, thou hast thyself bestowed?"

"The stranger profoundly sighed. "Am I still to be urged on? Father-General, may I still call thee by a title more humane, friend of my youth! I swear I cannot paint my wretchedness! Every day am I not trafficking with delusions, inflaming the ambitious, stirring up the discontented, seducing the unwary, and terrifying the timid, inventing crimes for others to practise, and practising the crimes which others invent. But I who terrify, am myself shaken by innumerable fears. I who deceive, am myself deceived! O God! that I were an atom in thy universe, floating in air without design, and but glittering in thy sun-beams! Father, I am desperate; I am but a man!"

"Rebello, thou wouldst be something more than man, wert thou a Jesuit!" exclaimed Ribadeneira, with more dignity than anger. "Once I loved thy searing spirit! Where are now the

sublime sympathies of thy nature? Once thou didst sigh to be the theme of some immortal story."

"Father-General," the stranger resumed with a collected air, "When a youth, I have wept reading great deeds, which I had not performed. Glory beat with the pulses of my heart. My ruling passion was, my great infirmity—they touched me there, and I fell! I, who only breathed honour and heroism, am covered with fraud and crime! Could a man be a matured villain at once, he would never be a villain; nature starts at enormous crimes; but experienced demons make invisible the dreadful path they are conducting us in; and when we discover it, then we are infernal spirits like themselves!"

Rebello at last exclaims: * * * 'Father-general, absolve me from my vows!' 'Miserable victim!' exclaimed Ribadeneira, 'Ere thy wish was pronounced, it was granted! It is now six months, thou hast ceased to be a Jesuit.' Rebello contemplates the extremity of his sufferings and the fearful menaces of Ribadeneira with dismay.

"Where, where shall I hide me?" cried Rebello, covering his face with his hands, and flinging himself on the ground.

"Abject fallen Rebello!" exclaimed Ribadeneira. "At forty thinkest thou thy passions are extinct? No, deceiver! that is not thy thought! 'Tis nature only who can extinguish the volcano in thy heart. Change thy character! thou mayst indeed be an apostate, but never canst thou be a penitent. Can I make an old traitor, a new martyr? Hear, and tremble! In the hall of the Lions in the Alhambra, at midnight, who was at thy side?"

Rebello started in confusion and agony.

"Mysterious man!" he exclaimed, "wilt thou never cease to persecute me?"

'He hesitated, and trembled—and cried—"Or art thou thyself deceived? Thou, who seemest to command more than mortal instruments, tremble thou thyself!"

Ribadeneira stood collected in awful majesty, and with a disdainful smile, extending his hand, replied, "Thou menacest the general of the Jesuits! I exhort thee to suffer that thy death may be decent—it is the last effort the miserable owe to themselves!"

"Father!" cried the agitated man, "I do not menace him, whom I admire, while I execrate. But who is he who now protects, and now opposes me?"

Ribadeneira, looking on Rebello with a mixed feeling of tenderness and resentment, desired him to explain himself.

"Father-General! it is now more than a year, that at Lisbon I have exhausted my inventive powers, and still am lost in a dark labyrinth. I am dragged to and fro, by some invisible hand.

How am I to know whether it be thine, or another's? Even now am I not trembling at the unknown? I know not if to be silent, or to speak!"

"I command thee!"

"But in obeying thee, I know not but I am violating thy commands. So am I hedged around! Already, I come to Rome, and thou tellest me, I am a proscribed exile! I know not with whom I stand connected!"

'Ribadeneira was impatient, and Rebello, kneeling, cried—"Imagine the most terrific event; thou canst not come up to my fears! What if in the Order, there should be one greater than thyself?"

'Ribadeneira looked wildly on him; "It is death to have pronounced these words!"

'Rebello, declined his head, prostrate at the feet of Ribadeneira, "I call heaven to witness that I have hitherto obeyed the solemn injunction, never to repeat the name I now repeat. It was given to me as an incommunicable name. Never till this moment have I breathed the potent sound. Who is Santiago?"

'The cheek of Ribadeneira was instantly blanched; his voice was lost, and he sunk into his seat in astonishment and terror. Rebello *lie* immoveable with fear. Horror-struck, Ribadeneira with hurrying words cried—"What talkest thou to me of Santiago?—The flesh mouldered on his bones! He, he who—died of a fever—in these arms he died! We have no brother."

The name of Santiago was connected with the secret history of Ribadeneira. It was that of his murdered brother! Suspicion and fear are now predominant, which are the more difficult to be vanquished, as the objects of them seem hid in the night of mystery. But the commanding genius of Ribadeneira soon recovers its wonted tone. Rebello relates what had passed during his mission in Portugal. Ribadeneira discovers, that this assumed Santiago had been practising treason in the order, and paralyzing some of the master efforts of its mighty general.

Rebello is at last to be restored to confidence on his performing the necessary penance. He was to journey among the 'Accursed Mountains,' to the 'Chambers of Meditation,' where he was to receive farther instructions. This journey is finely described. We will select some passages from it.

'With the chart of the secret passage through the Alps, and a small scrip, Rebello commenced with intrepidity, the mighty state-penance that was to elevate him once more to that height of fortitude, from which he had fallen.

'He passed among the craggy cliffs, where all the seasons mingled together, and lakes in a softened blaze of light, and the

Glacieres, the dazzling azure of whose points caught the beams of the sun, while their crystal heads glittered like diamond.

‘As he proceeded, the dreary sublime prevailed—the barren mountain, the dark abyss, and the abrupt precipice—Flung wildly across his path, appeared some giant tree half separated from its trunk ; or some fierce torrent rolling its green and foaming streams, thundered and rose up among the ruins of nature. Often while treading in the awful destruction of some recent avalanche, the thought of his own instant annihilation struck at the heart of the solitary man.

‘Now the grey dark skies seemed pressing downwards on the masses of snow ; the air was biting with peculiar sharpness ; his way was on a rough road of ice ; suddenly he lost the pale sunlight, and dropped into the gloom of an ice-valley. It looked a solid and immoveable sea, where the tumultuous waves had rushed in, and by magic were arrested. Rocks of crystal shagged with a thousand icicles, hanging as if ready to fall, while an uncertain light gleamed amidst gigantic forms—the moaning blast of the wind broke along the ice-rocks—a voice, a form, struck his imagination ; he recoiled, and resolved to perish in the face of heaven. Once more he gazed, and there stood a human form before him ! Rushing forwards, there was a human being, whose fixed eyes shone, whose face had colour, resting on its knees—Art had given to the dead man every thing of life, but life itself ! Rebello’s hand struck on a sarcophagus, and leaning in curiosity and terror he read this inscription :

MY CRIMES,
NOT NATURE,
PLACED ME
HERE !

“ Ribadeneira ! ” exclaimed the despairing man, “ Here then are thy victims silently immolated ; the Alps is thy state prison ! and thus despotism has its bye-paths, and its secret graves ! Mysterious man ! Thou canst make thyself terrible, ~~even~~ in places where the foot of man does not tread—to the fugitive Jesuit in the desert ! ”

‘Rushing from these congealing horrors, the turbulence of nature seemed gentle to the frozen silence and the dead brother’s mimic existence in the sepulchral valley. But the scene too was wonderfully changing—the clouds became more transparent, the cheerful beams of the sun were glittering on the lakes—a gentle river wantoned in light cascades, streaming in grey vapours, or sporting into filmy rainbows, as they fell from cliff to cliff—he trod on a mossy velvet turf, where the silky grass, the low and luxuriant box-wood, and the aromatic herbs, restored the man of despair to the enchantments of nature—his wounded spirit was calmed, he sat down, and plucked some flowers—he

gazed on the light chamois vaulting over the wide chasm of parted rocks, and he sighed while involuntary tears dimmed his eyes.

‘The tinkling of a sheep-bell, told him he was not distant from men; he found a goat-herd who had the care of the *Chalet*, and who led him to his cottage.

‘The excommunicated Jesuit, the most miserable of men, looking around the silent and attentive foresters, once more experienced the sense of human existence.

‘He discovered that this rustic family were not completely happy, from the goat-herd’s local attachment to the spot which had seen three generations, and which the intreaties of all his family could not persuade him to quit, although a Glaciere opposite had been visibly enlarging. It had too frequently been a disputed point with the honest goat-herd whether it had materially increased—he could not bear to think of it, and they had been watching it, of late, many a month. The neighbourhood of the *Chalet* was also declared to be haunted by perturbed spirits; and the wife of the goat-herd told that about five years past, a peasant of Piedmont losing his way in a snow-storm, had been buried three whole days in a cavern, where he saw four holy fathers of Jesus, suspended from four ice-rocks—the saints had all the freshness of life, by the brightness of their eyes, and the firmness of their cheeks—yet there they must have hung a long time, for their square caps crumbled in his hands, when he touched them.

‘Rebello shrunk at the recital; and taking a mournful leave of his rustic hosts, he resumed the track marked out for him. Melancholy and terror, and indignation, were the furies that marched by the side of the lost and degraded slave of despotism.

‘From Alps to Alps, sinking under the weariness of life itself, “Why this eternal struggle?” he exclaimed. “Let him who can hope, exert fortitude! I am only hastening to do the merciless tasks of a tyrant; O nature! thou didst not design me to be the criminal, Ribadeneira has made me!”

‘He rested on a block of granite—his melancholy eyes were lifted to the vast chain of Glacieres, and beneath his feet was the chasm of a precipice—a slight and single motion, and he would rest for ever! The thought of suicide was not painful to a spirit in agony—yet shuddering he turned his eyes to heaven, but peace was not in his prayers, nor sweetness in his tears:

‘He was roused from a state of stupefaction, by the tremulous motion of the block of granite—it seemed as if the whole Alps had felt a shock! Where to fly? He had just escaped from the block of granite, when he observed it rise, then rolling heavily, till rapidly precipitated among the rocks, a thousand echoes reverberated—Masses of ice pressing on each other, rocks rising on rocks, crashing whatever opposed their progress, a whirlwind of dust darkened the skies, mountains of snow

dashed into a chaos, and, rushing downwards on a forest, it disappeared in the enormous waste.

‘It was an awful visitation—and the despairing man was roused into a sense of existence—the life he had so little valued, had now become an object of gratitude.

‘Rebello exclaimed, “Almighty nature! how little now should the despotism of him who would rule the world, affect me who have witnessed thine! Art thou too mysterious as the tyrant?” Rebello reflected on the direction the avalanche had taken, at the disappearance of an entire forest, which had probably involved the honest goat-herd’s paternal cottage, in the same snows that concealed the criminal Jesuits.

‘Several days after the terrific fall of the avalanche, he came to a spot, where the waters were gently welling from a cliff; Athirst he bent over the clear stream, and started, as he discovered reflected in the transparent waters, a great bell, suspended on the rough trunk of a tree flung across the highest point of a rock. The wildness of the spot itself, its dead solitariness, and its difficulty of ascent, seemed even too wild and desolate for a hermit—it looked rather to be the haunt of Banditti: reckless of danger, and stern with despair, he hollowed. The bell heavily tolled—a haggard being looked down from the cleft of the rock, like the wild genius of that solitude. Motioning his hands, in token of kindness, he descended to conduct the traveller up the cliff.

‘The two most miserable of men met.’

Rebello now learns, that this person was an excommunicated Jesuit, one who, in all his transactions for the order, had never been successful. The edict of the sovereign had planted him here on a rock of the Alps; and the wretched exile seemed to glory in the obstinacy or fanaticism of his obedience. Rebello at last arrives at ‘the chambers of meditation,’ where ‘he finds the instructions and the congratulations of Ribadeneira.’ The transactions are then opened which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal. This measure it is well known, was effected in the ministry of the famous Portuguese reformer, Carvalho, the Marquis of Pombal. Carvalho is also introduced in this romance. He is represented as a Jesuit who had practised Jesuitism so well as to outwit even the general of the order. Ribadeneira was surpassed by Carvalho in duplicity. The hour of retribution was at last come to the Jesuitic sovereign. His reign of mystery was at an end! The departure of his greatness and the dissolution of his power are announced to him in a letter from Carvalho, brought by a youth from whom Ribadeneira turned with convulsive horror. It was his nephew,

the son of his murdered brother, who looked him in the face, but spoke not a word. Ribadeneira, bowing to his destiny, summoned Acquaviva, who presented to him the goblet which was to save 'the honour of the Order.' Ribadeneira applies the poisoned liquid to his mouth.

'Tell the marquis of Pombal,' said the general of the Jesuits to his messenger, 'I drink to his better fortune which has triumphed over mine—but never shall he triumph over the genius of the order.' * * * * *

'Acquaviva supported' him, for his strength was failing. The coldness of his extremities was approaching to his heart. He raised one convulsive look on the young Santiago, but the light was dying on his eyes. Covering his head with his robe, he stretched out his hand, as if he sought to touch the hand of the youth; but it trembled and sunk down—and in one deep sigh, the genius of the order breathed no more!

Such is the catastrophe of this political romance; and whatever may be thought of its defects as a whole, or of its want of a well constructed story, it must be allowed that, in many passages, it discovers great force of language, depth of reflection, energy of sentiment, nice and varied delineation of character, and considerable insight into the human heart.

ART. IV.—*Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the Fourth, 1810. Sherwood. 8vo.*

WE had written a review of the fourth part of this work soon after the commencement of the present year, but the manuscript was burnt in the fire by which Mr. Barnard's premises were destroyed. After this accident, we felt, as may naturally be supposed, rather unwilling to undertake the same task again; but on farther consideration, we were more unwilling that a production of so much importance should remain entirely unnoticed. We will therefore devote a few pages to a consideration of the contents.

The fourth part of these valuable Hints is principally composed of shrewd and pointed remarks on the projected 'Society of Theological Booksellers,' on some passages in the 'Christian Observer,' of some extracts from Glanvil's 'Essay on Preaching with appropriate Strictures;' and of very candid thoughts on a revision of the articles,

In the commencement of his work, the author very properly reprobates the common practice of theologians, of calling their adversaries by invidious names, when they cannot invalidate their arguments.

'The great inquiry,' says the author, 'is, whether the statement made, or the doctrine advanced, be true or false. If true it is no more an answer to the argument to call the writer a Socinian, than to call him a soap-boiler.'

We have heard several persons make use of the epithet Socinian, who, when asked to explain themselves, could not tell what it meant. They had heard it as a term of reproach, and they perhaps thought that it was another name for the Devil, or some of his imps. Religious polemics, like contending politicians, or scolding fishwomen have a *Billingsgate* peculiar to themselves, with which the endeavour to strike their adversaries dumb.

'The Society of United Theological Booksellers' on the principles, objects and tendencies of which the author expatiates at some length, has, as we are informed, been abandoned. We shall not, therefore, repeat what the author has said on this subject; but we must state our cordial assent to his opinion, that

'to Associations of this description, no Englishman ought to lend his support or co-operation. They pave the way to a gradual encroachment on every liberal principle of commercial dealing, which it is our common duty, and our common interest to cherish and protect. They lead the way to *other combinations* the most arbitrary, and to *other monopolies*, the most invidious, oppressive, and illiberal.'

The author proceeds to notice '*the confession of faith*' expected from the students, preparatory to their reception into the ministry of what the Barrister calls '*the New Church*.' Of this confession, the Barrister amongst other propositions, which he combats, makes the following clause the object of severe animadversion:

'In the Scriptures many mysteries are revealed, which transcend finite reason.' 'Can any assertion,' says the Barrister, 'be more absurd, or any language more confused or contradictory than this? To talk as these people perpetually do,—of the *mysteries of revelation*, is a perfect solecism. A mystery *revealed*, is a mystery no longer. It would not be more absurd to talk of a *concealed discovery*.

'To tell us, too, of "*mysteries revealed*, that *transcend finite reason*,"—is to abuse the ear and the understanding with

a jargon of words. The proposition is not intelligible. It is utter nonsense; for unless our reason can comprehend what is revealed, no revelation can be made. It is most clear, that nothing can be explained, unless there is a capacity of receiving the explanation.

When it is added, that—"they are to be received upon the authority of the revealer, without inquiring into the mode of them,"—what is to be understood by this? "*The mode of them!*" The mode of what? the *mode* of the *mysteries*?—What stuff is this?

That what cannot be *understood*, cannot be *believed*, and that it can consequently make no part of any system of *faith*, is a proposition, which, notwithstanding the ferocity with which it has been denied, and the foolish attempts made to disprove it, is capable of the clearest illustration.

For example: a boy sees, for the first time, a balloon floating in the air; of the existence of such a phenomenon he has the evidence of his senses, and therefore believes the fact. The *mystery* to him is, how a body of so great bulk and weight floats in the air, while his peg-top, which is a thousand times smaller, and a thousand times lighter, would, if thrown into the air, fall immediately to the ground. The *cause* of this, till explained, can be no subject of *belief* to him; but when the nature of *specific gravity* is illustrated to him by experiments, and he is made to understand that this machine is inflated with gas, specifically lighter than the atmospheric air, and that, owing to this *cause*, it floats upon the air, as cork does upon water, that which before was a *mystery* is now *revealed*; and he is now enabled to *believe*, not only in the phenomenon itself, on which he had the evidence of his senses, but in the *cause* of it.

Again: we believe in the *existence* of God. The wonders of creation carry a conviction of this truth to every sound mind, and the word of his revelation confirms what the ways of his Providence had declared. Our *BELIEF in God* is therefore established on authority that cannot be shaken—our faith is built on a foundation that cannot be moved. But of the *mode* of his existence we know nothing, and can therefore believe nothing. In the *fact* of his existence there is *no mystery*, the evidence is irresistible; but the *mode* in which HE exists, who by his presence pervades at once *all worlds*, is a *mystery* which our finite reason cannot fathom. It is a mystery which cannot be revealed to us, because our faculties are not fitted to comprehend it, and respecting which, therefore, no *faith* is expected from us. That "*He is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him,*" is *revealed* in his word, and *made manifest* in his works. These are truths of eternal moment; truths which it behoves us all to *believe*, and which are, therefore delivered in language that all may *understand*.

The Barrister contends with great force of reasoning against an assertion of the Christian Observer, that there are certain doctrines of the gospel which 'may be **VERY PERNICIOUS**, if inculcated' by themselves, 'but **very salutary** when taught in *connexion with others*.'

'It perplexes me,' says the Barrister, 'to discover,—and I think it must perplex every man of ordinary understanding,—how it is that a certain number of doctrines, *each pernicious in itself*, can be purified and made perfect, *by reference to each other*! It is as if I should say of a building, that it is *faulty* in all its parts, but *faultless* as a whole! Those who can *believe* what is *unintelligible*, may *know* how all this can be. I am not one of that class; whenever these sort of *mysteries* come across me, my *faith* is at a stand.'

The author proceeds:

'The validity of every principle must be determined by the *consequences which arise out of it*. There is no other test of the truth of any doctrine. It is sound and legitimate, if it will abide this test.—It is adulterate and spurious, if it will not.'

'Take any doctrine of Christianity, and try it by this test. Take, for instance, the doctrine of the *resurrection from the dead*; does it give birth to any conclusion that reason hesitates to admit? Is there any argument connected with it that may not be followed out to all its extent? Does it give rise to any difficulty that imposes on us the necessity of escape or evasion? Is there any thing resulting out of it,—taught singly, and by itself—that tends to *harden a man in sin*? Quite the reverse. View it as *disconnectedly* as you may, it furnishes new assurances to faith, and fresh excitements to virtue. Examined in every light, it bespeaks the goodness of God, and breathes consolation to man.

'Turn to the doctrine of *future rewards and punishments*, is there any thing in it, taken *singly*, that is not calculated to promote the perfection of the whole intellectual and moral world? Is there any result arising out of it that seeks refuge in *association*? Is there any thing in it, considered *separately*, that can possibly be, in any manner, *converted into an encouragement to iniquity*? Quite the contrary. The more *distinctly* it is investigated, the more clearly shall we discover its eternal truth, and develope its invaluable and infinite importance.—The *genuine doctrines* of the Gospel will be found, upon a close and rational examination, to contain the *motives* which should excite and stimulate our obedience to its *precepts*; it is, therefore, utterly impossible but that each doctrine, taken *separately*, must contribute to the good resulting from their *united operation and effect*.'

In the conclusion of this work, the Barrister supports an opinion, which has been often maintained in the pages of our journal, that, if we wish to provide a real and efficacious remedy for the evil which he has so ably exposed, we must revise the thirty-nine articles of the established church, expunge the polemical matter and leave only what is conducive to peace and godliness. We will not bring forward our own notions on this subject, which are pretty generally known; but will lay before our readers the earnest but temperate recommendation of the Barrister.

‘ Let the Articles which were framed in an unenlightened age, and at a period of bigotry and bloodshed; let them be fairly, and without prejudice, examined; and if any one is found to contain any expression which seems to undervalue the importance of *good works*, or, which is the same thing,—to undervalue that practical obedience to the laws of God, without which religion is an empty name,—let such expression be withdrawn.

‘ If there is any Article that experience has proved to be more productive of religious dissension than of reverence to God or allegiance to the state—let such cause of offence and disunion be removed.

‘ If any article should be found to have separated conscientious and worthy men from the Established Church, by demanding an implicit and specific faith on points not fundamental—let such article be so revised as to restore the right of private judgment, and the freedom of religious inquiry.

‘ Thus revised, the *Articles* would be no longer—what I fear they have too long been—a stumbling-block to the friends of the establishment, and a stalking-horse to its enemies.

‘ I am aware of the outcry that may be raised against this by the Bigot, whose creed it may disturb, and by the Sectary, whose views it may counteract; but the intelligent part of the public will give to such outcry just the weight it deserves, and no more. The only point they will seek to determine will be—Is such a measure salutary, and is it just? Does it tend, as far as it goes, to avert the perilous consequences to be apprehended from the present state of things? This is the sole inquiry. The appeal is to reason and to fact. Mere din and clamour can contribute as little to any wise decision upon it, as the bellowing of a blacksmith's forge.

‘ It is a plain truth—but it is a truth that should not be withheld.—This nation does not, nor can avail itself of the progress of knowledge, and the dissemination of learning amongst its clergy. The Church has in it, both now and in times past, many persons of distinguished piety and exalted talents, by whom Christianity might have been cleared from those errors which have so long

corrupted its purity and retarded its influence ; but a boundary line is drawn, beyond which they can never step with safety. They have no power to oppose, by argument, the progress of those doctrines by which the multitude are so fatally misled. They find these doctrines so incorporated with that formula of Faith which they have subscribed, that their lips are sealed.— This is an evil of infinite magnitude, and is full of the worst consequences to society.

‘ No ARTICLES can ever be a proper foundation for any man’s *faith*. In a REVEALED religion, they must always be useless, because there can be no necessity to resort to, much less to rest on,—any human decision.’

The Barrister having mentioned the use of a religious establishment for the moral benefit of the community, says,

‘ But Articles of controversial divinity have no connection with, nor can they ever contribute to, the great and sole purposes for which a national Clergy is instituted. It is not by such articles that the moral reformation of the profligate, either in high or low life, can be effected. You may enforce them for ages, without rooting out a single vice from society. You may declaim upon them to eternity, and never bring one bad man to repentance. The leaders of the *Church-militant* will be found among their most strenuous supporters. The EVANGELISTS of METHODISM resort to them as their rock of refuge. If you expose the destructive tendency of their tenets, or trace their gradual and excessive accumulation of *power* ; if you set forth the danger which this *new political and religious interest* threatens to the vital interests of the state—they do not attempt to meet you as an opponent in the open field of argument, but they artfully slip aside from the subject, and endeavour to involve you in a discussion of the *Articles of the church*.—They take advantage of this in two ways.—If you *admit* the authority of the Articles in matters of faith, they then take occasion so to manage the controversy as to leave all the main points out of the case, and to shew that they are *supported by them*. If you do *not admit* their authority, they then draw off the whole attention from the statement you have made, to *you personally*, and denounce you as the real enemy of the church ; and by this expedient they throw the charge *from themselves*. In the meanwhile, all that it most behoves the public to mark,—their Delegates abroad—their Associations at home—their insatiable spirit of proselytism—their Society of United Theological Booksellers—their Provincial and Corresponding Societies—their influence at the India Board—their party in the House of Commons—their restless *conversionary* exertions in the *army and navy*—their funds for the purchase of livings—the *zeal* with which they labour to propagate, among the lower classes of the

community, a spirit of hatred and distrust towards the moral Preachers of the Establishment—and the careless and assured air with which they prophesy the downfall of what they contemptuously term “MOTHER CHURCH”—all this representation they reply to by pronouncing you to be a SOEINIAN, and by quoting the Thirty-nine Articles in support of the TRINITY.’

In p. 143—4 of this work we have a quotation from the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ in which it is said that ‘CALVIN and his disciples were never friends to monarchy and episcopacy.’ We will make a few remarks on this passage, because it will give us an opportunity of rectifying some erroneous notions respecting this reformer, which are generally entertained. That Calvin was no enemy to *episcopacy* is clear from this circumstance that, he himself, with Bullinger and other reformers, in a letter which they addressed to King Edward VI, ‘offered (as Strype says) to make him their defender, and to have *bishops in their churches as they were in England.*’ A proposition was, at the same time, made for uniting Protestants in one communion. This proposition was renewed by Calvin in the year 1560, when he wrote to Archbishop Parker, and entreated him to prevail with Queen Elizabeth,

‘to summon a general assembly of all the Protestant clergy, wheresoever dispersed; and that a *set form* and method’ (of religious worship and ecclesiastical government) ‘might be established not only within her own dominions, but also among all the reformed and Evangelic churches abroad.’

The queen’s council ordered the archbishop to return their thanks to Calvin for the suggestion of this scheme, which they had begun to take into consideration, when the further prosecution of the design appears to have been frustrated by Calvin’s death.

Strype quotes a passage from Calvin’s treatise on the necessity of reforming the church, in which he says;

‘Let them give us such an hierarchy, in which *bishops* may be so above the rest, as they refuse not to be under Christ, and depend upon him as their only head; that they maintain a brotherly society, &c. *If there be any that do not behave themselves with all reverence and obedience towards them, there is no ANATHEMA but I confess them worthy of it.*’

These sentiments are certainly not conformable to those of the Calvinists of a later age; and they may not be in unison with other passages in the writings of Calvin himself; but they furnish indubitable proof that this reformer

who had no *fixed* aversion from Episcopacy, from a precomposed form of prayer, or from that particular mode of ecclesiastical polity, which is established in this country.

In the letter, which Calvin wrote to the Duke of Somerset, then Lord Protector, in October 1548, he expressed his hearty approbation of a precomposed liturgy. His words are

‘*Formulam precum et rituum ecclesiasticorum valde probo, ut certa illa extet, a qua ne pastoribus discedere, in functione sua, liceat.*’ His reasons for approving a set formulary of prayer and worship were, ‘1. *Ut consulatur quorundam simplicitati et imperitiæ.* 2. *Ut certius constet omnium inter se ecclesiarum consensus.* 3. *Ut obviam ineatur desultoriæ quorundam levitati qui novationes quasdam affectant.*’—*Epist. p. 69.*

When Cranmer projected to draw up a body of scriptural doctrine which might serve as a centre of union between the different Protestant churches, he communicated his design not only to Bullinger and Melancthon, but also to Calvin, whom he revered for his industry and his zeal in the great cause of the reformation. The advice which Melancthon gave to the archbishop on this occasion was such, as we dare say that the Barrister, himself, would strenuously recommend, if a committee of divines were appointed to draw up some common formulary of doctrine in which all sects might accord. It was to avoid all ambiguous terms, and ‘*scapham, scapham dicere,*’ to call a spade a’ spade. Melancthon said that he ‘*loved not labyrinths,*’ but, according to some, these labyrinths constitute the beauty of the church. They seem to have carried into the vineyard of Christ, Mr. Repton’s ideas of landscape-gardening, and never to be satisfied till they have lost their way in the wilderness of theological metaphysics.

Many of the more fanatical followers of Calvin, in modern times seem to measure the qualifications of their teachers by their incompetency to teach. Their ignorance is made the test of their skill; and, in proportion as they are deficient in human learning, they are reckoned more fit receptacles for the illumination of the gospel, and more fit instruments for its diffusion among the multitude. But their great master John Calvin, did not, if we may believe his own words, think such persons the most proper for the purpose of evangelical instruction. For, in his letter to the Duke of Somerset, dated 25th July, 1551, he expressed a strong wish that a liberal provision might be made for the clergy, that persons of respectability might be induced to undertake the pastoral office, and that no contempt might

be excited by the want of the requisite qualifications in the ministers of the word. 'La qualité des personnes,' says Calvin, 'engendre un grand mépris de la parole de Dieu.'

Calvin himself was a man of profound learning and lively wit. Joseph Scaliger, who was rather fastidious in respect to style, has commended Calvin for the elegance of his Latinity. Scaliger, says Bayle, praised Calvin for not writing a commentary on the *apocalypse*. In this respect he shewed more good sense than many of his followers. When Calvin was asked his opinion respecting that mysterious book, he answered, 'se penitus ignorare quid velit tam obscurus scriptor: qui qualisque fuerit nondum constat inter eruditos.'

Calvin appears to have been a man of strong and ungovernable passions; a propensity which he himself confesses that he had often endeavoured to conquer, but in vain. To this irascible temperament, combined with his popish education, we may ascribe the part which he acted in the condemnation of Servetus to the stake. But while we reflect with horror on this deed of blood, we ought not to forget that, when the reformers abandoned the Popish communion, they could not instantly acquire the virtues of charity and moderation. They were, in many instances, but too ready to claim for themselves the infallibility which they denied to the pope. Whilst they renounced the authority of the Vatican, they seemed willing to transplant it into their own confessions of faith and articles of belief. Even Cranmer, the mild Cranmer, could bring himself to sentence in 1549 Joan Bocher, or Joan of Kent, and in 1551 a Dutchman of the name of George Van Paris, to the flames. The first was a poor deluded woman, who asserted that our Saviour had not a body in reality but only in appearance; the second simply affirmed that 'God the Father is only God, and that Christ is not very God.' For these *heresies*, as they were called, these two honest people were condemned to be burned alive. See the sentence, &c. in Burne's Hist. Ref. vol. II. Collect. Rec. No. 35, p. 152.

When Cranmer could bring himself to sanction such proceedings, we can hardly be surprised that Calvin, who was a man of more impetuous temper, and more ungovernable zeal, should not have kept the articles of his faith subservient to the dictates of humanity. The occasional bursts of rage in Calvin caused some of his contemporaries to say that they would rather be in hell with Beza, than in heaven with him.

Calvinism has certainly been on the decline in England

at least amongst the more literate part of the community, since the reign of Elizabeth, and more particularly since the days of Archbishop Laud, when the majority of the clergy appear to have embraced the doctrines of Arminius. From that time the remark of the great Lord Chatham became in a great measure true, that we had '*a Popish liturgy, Calvinistic articles, and an Arminian clergy.*' In proportion as the clergy became Arminian, they became anxious to prove that the articles were not Calvinistic. But though the interpretations and the interpreters have varied, the articles remain the same. Calvin's Institutes of the Christian religion were first published in 1535; and the articles of the church of England were not agreed on in convocation till 1552. They afterwards underwent some trifling modifications in the year 1562; and have ever since remained without any alteration.

These articles were composed by men who entertained a personal respect for Calvin, and who beheld or thought they beheld a perfect representation of the scriptural doctrine in the mirror of his institutes. The great Hooker, speaking of the towering reputation which Calvin enjoyed, and the extensive influence which he exercised amongst his contemporaries, says, Eccles. Pol. ed. 1676, fol. p. 47. 'The perfectest divines were judged, they who were skilfullest in Calvin's writings.' In another place, p. 44, Hooker says that he thinks Calvin '*incomparably the wisest man that ever the French Church did enjoy, since it enjoyed him.*' While, therefore, we agree with the Barrister in reprobating the doctrines of the Calvinistic teachers of these days, we are far from thinking meanly or irreverently of the abilities or the virtues of Calvin himself, who will always have a resplendent place in the list of religious reformers, and who, whatever may have been his erroneous views of scriptural doctrine, or his occasional ebullitions of unhallowed zeal, deserves no common praise for the patience with which he sought the truth, and for the uniform disinterestedness with which he endeavoured to propagate what he believed to be true. We are ourselves strenuous anti-calvinists, but we love truth more than we hate either Calvin or his adherents.

ART. V.—*The Passions, in 4 Volumes. By Rosa Matilda, Author of Hours of Solitude; the Nun; Zofloga; Libertine, &c. &c.* London, Cadell and Davies, 1811, 4 Vols. pp. 1171. 12mo.

IF the said author of these volumes would deign to

descend occasionally to the realities of human life, and become sensible at the same time of the ridicule, which invariably attends an inflated extravagant style of language, she possesses powers of invention, talents for description, and dominion over the feelings, sufficient to give her a high station among female novel-writers.

The extravagant absurdity of the language of her present work, is beyond any thing which has ever fallen under our notice as reviewers, nor does it proceed from the pen of one only of the characters of her novel, every individual of the *dramatis personæ* are madmen and madwomen upon stilts. As the diction is bombastic beyond a parallel, so is the tyranny of the passions overstrained far beyond the limits which truth can justify. To delineate a character enjoying a continual and almost unalloyed pleasure from the prosecution and success of a persevering system of revenge is neither instructive nor true. The gratifications arising from such a passion are restless in their nature, short in their duration, and never unmixed with gall. The passion of unlawful love, as described in these volumes, is open to many more objections, for if excellence of natural disposition, good education, and the possession of a wife, lovely and amiable, even beyond what imagination can pourtray, are to be considered as futile and ineffectual barriers to sudden and wild desire, and that too for the person of the wife of a nearest and dearest friend, the conclusion which a mind, untutored, except in the ethics of Rosa Matilda, would naturally draw, is this, that there is a destiny and fatality in this passion, to which human opposition is vain. The moral, which the author draws at the conclusion of her performance is, we allow, widely different; such a moral is not however deducible from the premises before us, and it is no uncommon affectation to add sentences of this nature to the end of a novel, that it may pretend to be in some way subservient to the purposes of instruction.

As the outline of this tale displays considerable invention, and some of the situations in it are striking, we present our readers with a brief analysis of it. The plot is conducted in letters; the scene laid first at Vienna, afterwards in Italy and parts of Germany, and the passions, which, we presume, Rosa Matilda has attempted to exemplify, are revenge, hatred, jealousy, love, pride, &c.

The Countess Apollonia Zulmer, the chief agent of misery in the fable is a fashionable, young, and handsome widow at Vienna, a woman of boundless passions, implacable resentments, and a most refined hypocrisy to conceal

them. Although fond of admiration as any female, her wit and talents are of the manly cast. This lady becomes enamoured of the young Count Weimar, but as on the disclosure of her passion to the count, he is obliged to confess that he entertains no corresponding sentiments, her love is changed to the most unrelenting hatred, and she still preserves the semblance of friendship, while she is prosecuting the most persevering system of revenge. The count, who admires the commanding talents, although he rejects the love of Apollonia, retires from Vienna, and visits Switzerland. He there marries a young woman named Julia, possessed of every accomplishment which a novelist can bestow. This lady had been educated by her mother in a secluded spot in that country, and the count continues to reside in the same spot until the death of his wife's mother, when he brings his wife to Vienna to introduce her to the circles of fashion. At Vienna they are soon thrown into the way of Apollonia Zulmer, which lady, while she receives the husband with a dignified air of friendship, gradually insinuates herself into the unsuspecting heart of the wife. The books which she recommends to the perusal of the latter, and the sophistical reasonings which she weaves into her correspondence, are such as to shake that sense of duty and propriety which Julia had from education, as well as disposition, always considered sacred. From Vienna Weimar and his wife go to Lintz, where Count Darlowitz, a friend of the former, was then residing with a beautiful wife, by name Amelia. For some time the happiness of this domestic circle is uninterrupted, until at length Julia begins to feel a less unreserved confidence in her husband than formerly; her simplicity is at first at a loss to conceive the reason of this gradual change of sentiment; the event proves that a growing partiality for her husband's friend Darlowitz is the cause of her uneasiness. Darlowitz in the mean time becomes sensible of a similar attachment; he attempts indeed to deceive himself into a belief that he feels only admiration and not love; but Count Rozendorf, a friend of Weimar and Darlowitz, draws the veil from his eyes, and shews him the precipice on which he stands. Apollonia, the confidante of Julia, acts differently, and from very different motives; she reasons much to prove that what is involuntary, as the feelings of the heart, is not criminal; her arguments do not, however, produce conviction in the mind of Julia, but leave her unsatisfied and unhappy. The passion in the mean time grows,

though uncommunicated on either side. The language of the eyes at length discloses to each the state of the other's heart. Weimar about this time proposes a tour through Italy; in vain does Count Rozendorf urge his friend Darlowitz by every argument of honour not to be of the same party; he is borne away from reason by the madness of passion. Julia caresses her children before she leaves them for her tour, with a melancholy presentiment that she shall not see them again. Weimar too is staggered by an anonymous letter of a mysterious kind, the object of which is to rouse his jealousy. This letter was of course sent through the agency of Apollonia Zulmer, who had a creature, Pietro Mondovi, whom she commanded on such occasions. Rozendorf suspects Apollonia, and charges her with treachery to his friend, but he is unable to trace the fact with accuracy. At Naples Darlowitz is seized with a dangerous illness; when supposed to be near death, Julia cannot refrain from sending her maid to his room with inquiries; the ice is now completely broken. Darlowitz writes a letter declaratory of his passion to his wife's friend. Julia is now seriously alarmed, and to repeated letters returns only a few lines. The letters of Darlowitz are rather those of a madman than a lover. At length as passion gains upon his mind, he concludes one of his letters with, '*You must be mine, wholly mine, or I must perish!*' Julia, still possessed of sufficient virtue not to fly into the arms of Darlowitz, and afraid to remain with her husband, where she must daily see her lover, comes to the uncommon resolution of flying from a combat with her inclinations, to which she feels herself unequal. Accordingly, in a letter to Weimar, she explains the cause of her flight, yet with such contrition is this letter worded, for crimes which were only mental, that the husband has no doubt but what his wife had been actually guilty of a breach of her marriage faith. Horror is now crowded upon horror. Amelia, the wife of Darlowitz, long conscious that she had lost the affections of her husband, at length becomes certain of the fact by discovering his correspondence with Julia, and overcome by anxiety falls a prey to a rapid decline. Darlowitz, rendered desperate by considering himself the murderer of his wife, and distracted at the flight of Julia, anticipates the vengeance of Weimar by suicide. In a letter to his injured friend, he attests the innocence of his wife, and leaves him as the protector of his children.

Julia, in poverty and extreme misery, had reached

her native mountains of Switzerland; from hence she dispatches a letter to her supposed friend Apollonia Zulmer, for sufficient pecuniary assistance to procure her admission into a neighbouring convent. This confession of misery from her victim completes the gratification of Apollonia's revenge. She replies to it with accumulated insults, and to aggravate the distress of Julia, upbraids her as the murderer of Darlowitz and Amelia. Julia's mind is unable to bear up against such complicated distress; she sinks into a state of idiocy in a peasant's cottage. Apollonia Zulmer now tears off the mask, and in a letter to Weimar, after informing him of the agency from which his misfortunes have proceeded, encloses to him the letter of his wife. Weimar, the passion of whose mind was pride, though determined not to see Julia again, for having preferred another man to her husband, dispatches his friend Rozendorf in search of her, that he may place her in the enjoyment of the external comforts of life. In the mean time, Apollonia Zulmer finding a residence at Vienna no longer safe; as well from the fear of Weimar, as from pecuniary distress which she had incurred by gambling, and wearied by the importunities of Pietro Mondovi, whom she had employed in some nefarious transactions, resolves to pack up her jewels, and retire privately with a single female attendant by night. Mondovi discovers the plans of his mistress to elude him, and waylays, robs, and murders her on her journey. Rozendorf on his journey to discover Julia just beholds the end of this poetical justice, though too late to prevent it. He discovers Julia in the state we have mentioned, and it is thought advisable to place her in a cottage near Lintz, where Weimar then was, under the hope, that scenes once known to her, might revive former associations in her mind, and conduce to a recovery of intellect. To this place she retires with one female attendant, a gleam of reason seems occasionally to dart across her soul when she uses her own lute, but more particularly when she surveys the towers of Lintz from her window. It is with difficulty that she is ever withdrawn from the window commanding this prospect. Although never restored to reason she acquires that cunning so remarkable in people deprived of their senses; and in a stormy snowy night, when in a most weak and sickly state, escapes from her servant, and rushes out of doors. Instinct seems to point out to her the path to Lintz. The morning dawn discovers to her the well-known habitation

of her husband and children; she falls exhausted before she can reach it. 'Sense awakened by excessive anguish burst the chains of madness, and returning reason rushed upon the brain!'—it preceded death—it was the harbinger of it.' After repeated struggles, she staggers, reels, and dies upon the threshold of her husband. Weimar, who after sleepless nights, had been accustomed to brave the early air, and sometimes from concealment catch a sight of Julia at her cottage, encounters the corpse of his wife as he opens the door. Rosa Matilda draws a veil over the husband's grief, and gives a moral to her tale. The faults of the fable are these—the agency of all the misery is attributed to Apollonia's revenge; yet the misfortunes of Julia arose wholly from the unbridled passions of Darlowitz, over whom Apollonia exerted no influence; and the sophistry of Apollonia had so far been unsuccessful with Julia, that she is not guilty of actual crime. 2dly, there is much unnecessary distress, which ancient critics disapprove of in tragedy, in whose sentiments we moderns participate. 3dly, the pride of Weimar is wholly unaccountable and unnatural; we have before given our sentiments on the character of Apollonia. We leave the returning gleams of reason in Julia to the criticisms of the learned in medicine. With all these glaring defects the tale possesses no inconsiderable degree of interest. To justify our charge of extravagant absurdity in the language, we shall produce two specimens at random.

The first is from a letter of Weimar's to Rozendorf, describing the scenery of Switzerland.

'What is the prayer of the priest? what are his feeble images of God's immensity? what are they compared to scenes like these, which speak more deeply, more powerfully to the soul in a single moment than the most eloquent dissertation. Oh! when on these proud heights, how is my ethereal essence elevated and purified; it ascends beyond the clouds; it catches for an instant a glimpse of eternity; it trembles, awe-struck at heaven's gate; I am no longer a mortal. How frivolous, how vain, how contemptible, appear the nothings of this life! how could I ever be swayed by likings or antipathies? how could I ever appoint, propose, and look forward to years? how could I dream of the future, or feel interested in the past or present? My whole existence seems wound up in a single moment of ecstacy of enthusiasm.'

But, gentle reader, the above is absolutely good rational prose, when compared to the indignation of the rejected

Lady Apollonia. Hear her then recapitulate her sufferings to her quondam governante.

'Oh! what are the bugbears of antiquity, the punishments of the damned in their fabled hell? what are the tortures of Tantalus, the labours of Sisyphus, the miseries of Ixion, the agonies of Prometheus; what are they all, compared to the new species of suffering devised by my evil genius for me? which could I impart to the gloomy monarch of those subterraneous abodes, he would exult in an addition to his power of tormenting. * * * * * Oh! for ten thousand scourges applied at once—for the stings of knotted scorpions—for any species of corporeal suffering, that for a single instant might divert to it the superior and unspeakable agony of my soul, that for a single instant the one might be swallowed up in the other. But, no, it may not be; *I am sadly free from physical pain*—all, all is soul, the nerve of mind.'

Let but Sir Francis Burdett read this, and he will no longer consider it as a hardship 'that we are a flogged nation.' Never, we will venture to assert, in the greatest severity of discipline were ten thousand scourges applied at once; the back of an Englishman is not capacious enough, of Hollanders or Russians we say nothing; but in no age or country has mutiny been suppressed, or orthodoxy established, by the stings of knotted scorpions. Of what then does the flogged soldier complain? why truly of a few hundred lashes from a cat o'nine tails, of that which a Vienna countess would consider as below comparison with a flea bite; a lady, who complains that '*She is sadly free from physical pain.*'

Had not Rosa Matilda given such ample proofs of classical erudition by talking so much about Ixion, Prometheus, fabled hell, &c. we should venture to suspect, that the words 'as some curious *phenomena*, or *lusus natura*,' (p. 17, vol. 2.) were to be attributed to a different kind of inaccuracy than that of the press.

ART. VI.—*A popular Treatise on the natural and artificial Causes of Disease in general, with the Means of Prevention, and Rules for Diet, Regimen, &c. in two Volumes. By John Robertson (late of Edinburgh), Author of the practical Treatise of the internal Use of Cantharides, &c. &c. 8vo. Highley, 1811.*

'THE principal general sources of disease,' (says the

author of this treatise, whom we ought, we believe, to call *Doctor Robertson*),

'in this and perhaps in every other country, I believe, with very few exceptions to exist in external, and for the most part, removable causes; but from our familiarity with numberless circumstances which are unquestionably injurious to our comforts, and even destructive to our constitutions, we, in the common bustle of life, insensibly so overlook them, as scarcely ever to regard them in a just point of view. Many are willing to allow, that these sources are injurious to their comforts, but few believe them capable of ruining their constitutions.'

To the general spirit of these remarks we give our unfeigned assent. The principle, on which they are founded, has been sanctioned by the authority of the venerable father of medicine, who, by writing a particular treatise, '*de aere, aquis et locis*,' transmitted to posterity his belief in the great influence of local impressions on the animal frame. But this is still a partial view of the subject. The human constitution is undoubtedly modified by numerous external impressions; by what we eat and drink, by our clothing, our occupations, habits, and customs. And all or nearly all the real improvements which have been made in the general health of individuals or of communities has been by the abolition of pernicious habits, which secretly and silently undermine the constitution.

If this should be doubted, let the former ravages of scurvy and other diseases in the navy be recollected. Formerly, whole crews were swept away by diseases of this nature, caused by the use of a bad diet, salted provision, musty biscuit, the want of fresh meat and fresh vegetables, with the neglect of cleanliness and ventilation. Now, by correcting these active and incessant sources of mischief, a residence on the ocean seems as healthful at least as a residence upon land; epidemic and putrid diseases are stifled in their germ; and the same wise attention to measures of prevention ensures the health of the seaman and the security of the state.

Why are large and crowded cities so notoriously destructive of human life, that their streets would soon become deserted, was not the current of population fed by the perpetual influx of new comers from the country? why, but because the sum of the causes destructive of life are more active and more concentrated in large cities than in the country! If so, it must follow that the inves-

tigation of these causes, a calculation of what is the effect of each taken separately, what is the consequence of their combination, or concentration, present objects of research, than which none can be more worthy of philosophical attention, and promise results, than which none can be more interesting to the philanthropic mind.

Such is the task which Dr. Robertson has undertaken to execute in the work before us. In pursuance of his design he first considers the general causes of diseases; of which he makes a two-fold division; the *natural*, and the *artificial*. The natural are *soil, climate, and situations*; the artificial causes comprehend *construction of houses, occupations, modes of living, and manners*. From the consideration of causes he proceeds to effects, treating first, of *contagion, infection, &c.* and subsequently of *individual diseases*. A just and rational investigation of causes and their effects leads naturally to the consideration of the measures to be adopted in order to correct their pernicious influence, or if possible to prevent or destroy their operation altogether. The causes are however so widely diffused, or so much intermingled with the habits of society, that individual exertion is in most cases utterly incompetent to the task. It demands either the united efforts of the enlightened classes of society; or the authority of a wise and patriotic magistracy. Dr. Robertson has therefore most inaptly designated generally the preventive methods by the general title of *police*. Following therefore the arrangement adopted in the investigation of the causes, he treats in their order of the *police for natural causes, police for artificial causes, and police for diseases*.

In two subsequent books he has applied the doctrines to the local causes of permanently and regularly recurring diseases, as they exist, first, in Edinburgh, and, secondly in London. These books are precise counterparts of the first, the principles detailed in them being particularly applied to the local circumstances of these capitals respectively.

In treating subjects so multifarious, Dr. Robertson has of course made use of the labours and observations of many preceding authors. We wish that he had cited the authorities to whom he has had recourse; as we think that the most useful, and, we may add, the most entertaining parts of books which are necessarily compilations, are the references to the original sources of information. An author likewise in a measure consults his own fame whilst he enhances the value of his work. We find some

statements in the work before us of doubtful authenticity; others that are contradictory of each other. If the author did not think it right to withhold such accounts from his readers, by producing his vouchers, we should have been better enabled to estimate the degree of confidence to be reposed in them; and the responsibility would have rested in its proper place. Of the execution of this work we leave our readers to judge from a specimen or two. We will take the following on the effects of vegetable effluvia:

'We likewise find that vegetable effluvia are possessed in many instances of very noxious effects.

'Nothing, for instance, is sweeter than a rose, and yet its fragrant effluvia are far from being favourable to the air in which it is confined. Some, to whom the smell of that flower is not unpleasing, are nevertheless so much hurt by it, that it makes them sick, and would even make them swoon, if not seasonably prevented.

'It is observed, that on breathing for some time in a conservatory, where the floor is kept moist, and a number of luxuriant vegetables are growing, there is felt a fulness, with sometimes a giddiness, in the head, and some debility; but if we put our head out of the window, or inhale the atmospheric air from without, through a tube, the unpleasant sensation subsides, although the rest of the body be exposed to the warm and humid air.

'The examples I have given of the noxious effects of vegetable effluvia on the human body, are, I think, satisfactory. In addition to them, it is a very remarkable circumstance, that there are some even of plants which do not thrive in the neighbourhood of others. This is observed of the cabbage and cyclamens, of hemlock and rue, of reeds and fern. We have also many examples of such like antipathies among animals. These effects are of course produced by the effluvia which are emitted by all organized bodies.

'It seems pretty well established, that marshes of a boggy sort, or where the soil consists of peat, are not prejudicial to health; and moss of itself is not easily corruptible, and has even the power of preserving animal and vegetable substances for ages. What therefore we understand by putrid substances is of a very different nature from this, and where exhalations from marshes prove prejudicial to health, it is probably owing to the innumerable vegetables and insects that die and putrify in them.

'After heavy rains, in many countries, a very dangerous moisture of the air arises, particularly where the water after land-floods stagnates and corrupts in low ground; but otherwise, in the flattest grounds, if properly drained, frequent showers have

a salutary effect in tempering the heat, refreshing the stagnating water, and precipitating putrid exhalations.

'On the contrary, stagnant waters, and even large rivers, in dry seasons, produce very bad effects. When a great part of their channel is left uncovered, its moisture is totally exhaled, it becomes a hardened solid crust, and no sooner do the rains fall, than gradually the long parched crust of earth and clay softens, and the ground, which before had not the least smell, begins to emit a stench, which, in a short time, becomes exceedingly noisome, and then, in every country where such occurrences are common, the season of sickness commences.

'In the day time, these swampy shores emit a smell resembling that of corrupted flesh, or putrid carrion, and a near approach to such putrid swamps is then apt to produce an immediate sickness, a vomiting, and afterwards a low nervous fever.

'The smell of the swamps, and of the vapour arising from them, at this time, resembles the unwholesome scent of a ditch lately cleaned. And the effect upon the most healthy and vigorous constitution is often the chilling cold fit of an ague, terminating in a fever, with delirium, bilious vomiting, a flux, or even death itself.

'It has even been observed, that certain periods of the year in every country are more unhealthy than others, and an explanation of this has been attempted in various ways by medical writers.

'It has, I believe, been pretty generally acknowledged, that in this country the prevalence of disease is most conspicuous in spring and autumn. Among other modes of accounting for this, it has been supposed, that the difference in the severity of the complaints in spring and autumn is owing to the different effects produced in the constitution by the season previous to each. Thus, it is said, that the bracing effects of winter render the diseases of spring milder, and the relaxing effects of summer, on the contrary, make the autumnal diseases more severe.

'Perhaps it is possible to give a more satisfactory explanation of these occurrences. Is it not more likely, that the remarkably sudden changes of the weather in this country render the spring months unwholesome, and that, on the other hand, the putrid effluvia arising from decaying vegetables about the harvest time, are the principal causes of those diseases which are so very common, and so very destructive at that period?

'It is a well known fact, that in those countries where *lint*, (qu. *hemp*?) grows, that if the process of *steeping* be carried on in a running stream, the fish, &c. farther down the river, to a very considerable distance, die almost immediately on the impregnated water reaching them.

'Many years ago, there broke out, amongst the scholars at

Wadham College, a very malignant fever, that swept away great numbers, whilst the rest of the colleges remained unvisited. The singularity of the case engaged the attention of all the gentlemen of the faculty, in a serious inquiry into the causes of so remarkable an effect, and all agreed, that the contagious infection arose from the putrefaction of a vast heap of cabbages thrown into a heap out of the several gardens near Wadham College. The noxious effluvia had consequently power to infect the adjoining building, though not to pass farther.

'Now it is to be observed, that all alkaline plants, such as cabbage, turnips, raddishes, &c. when in a putrid state, come nearest to that of the animal corruption.

'In the hundreds of Essex, where the country lies low, and the soil is continually moist and spongy, it is well known the marsh miasmata, perpetually ascending, determine the fever, produced in consequence of cold, to be an intermittent. The fevers of North Wales, and the northern countries of Europe, on the contrary, are, in general, inflammatory, though cold be still the *existing*,' (qu. *exciting*?), 'cause; the atmosphere being there (cold) and dry.

'In short, in all low grounds, such as Holland, &c. &c. where the soil is continually moist, equally bad effects result from it.'

After considering the causes of disease, Dr. Roberton proceeds to detail the consequences: first, he treats of contagion and infection; of course, since there exist in nature so many distinct species of contagious matters, each producing a specific effect on the frame, Dr. Roberton's observations, comprised in about eighteen pages, can be but slight and superficial. We must say the same of his remarks on individual diseases, which are confined to short descriptions of a few of the more common diseases, catarrh, pneumonia, consumption, hydrocephalus, dropsy, leucorrhæa, fever, dysentery, and complaints of the liver, stomach, and bowels. Moreover we do not see that the phenomena of these particular diseases are any wise connected with the general causes, nor any attempt made to trace them to their source.

We are sorry to remark, among the observations on diet, some which, we think incorrect, others trite and frivolous.

Of the former, we would instance the following.

'The addition of acid to ardent spirits, as in punch, in general renders them still more prejudicial to the stomach.' If the acid be at all hurtful, it is not directly, but indirectly. By making the liquor very pleasant, *more* of the ardent spirit is consumed.

Of the frivolous we could, were we disposed to be ill-natured, find an abundance of examples. We shall content ourselves with the following.

'Grapes contain a large proportion of sugar, and are, if used without their husks, the safest and most nutritive of summer fruits.'

'Gooseberries are very wholesome food, provided the skins are not swallowed with them.'

'Milk and fruit may be taken together with the greatest safety. Experience convinces us of this by every day's habit; therefore, strawberries with cream, or butter with apple-pye, make a very proper diet.'

Let us turn from these puerilities to matters of more importance. We have read with much pleasure Dr. Robertson's account of the causes of diseases in Edinburgh, and have met with some statements in it, which we should wish to see verified by more precise and circumstantial evidence. Such is the account of the effect of under ground apartments.

'I have made,' he says, 'very minute inquiry respecting the comparative number of deaths that for several years past have taken place in houses with their sleeping apartments under ground, and others with them above it, and I find, that the mortality probably caused in consequence of the sleeping apartments being under ground, is incredibly greater than takes place when they are above it. A variety of families in Edinburgh have even remarked an evident decline in their health from the time they inhabited under ground houses. In some houses, on the contrary, which I could point out, the superincumbent earth has been removed, and diseases which existed in them previous to this have disappeared.'

Such is the corresponding statement, at another place, of a particular house, the inhabitants of which are, at least nine months out of the twelve, affected by some epidemic disease, in consequence of a rapid declivity of the hill behind it, so, that though the ground floor is considerably above the common level of the ground, the back of the house is completely under ground. Such again is the assertion, that whilst the North Loch (the great hollow which divides the Old from the New Town of Edinburgh), continued less or more filled with water, and served as a reservoir for the filth of the town, it produced not merely intermittents, which might have been expected, but (what, we believe, is not acknowledged as having any relation to aguish diseases), the *croup* likewise. We think the fact

highly probable from having ourselves seen the croup endemial; but should be gratified by more distinct proof of it being adduced.

We cannot say, that we have been so well contented with Dr. Robertson's account of London. The greater part of it is mere common-place matter, more fit for the pages of a *tableau* or picture of the metropolis, for the use of visitants, than a medical work. When he tells us, that the New River water is conveyed into the houses for the expence to each house of a few *shillings* per annum, any housekeeper would have informed him he ought to have said *pounds*. When he tells us, that this metropolis may be deemed one of the most healthy in the world, he contradicts a former statement given by himself (vol. I. p. 122), where the annual mortality of London is said to be 1 of 21, Dublin, 1 of 22, Amsterdam, 1 of 22, Berlin, 1 of 26. Vienna only is less healthy than London, its annual mortality being 1 of 20.

ART. VII.—*Poetical Pastimes.* By James Fitzgerald.
London, J. Carpenter, 1811.

ON opening this volume, which we now announce to our readers, the first thing that met our sight was the following epigram:

ON A BAD POET.

' Says Martin to Ned, 'tis a terrible pity
Those rascally critics so mangle each ditty:
Let me write what I will, its the very same thing;
They all fall upon me the moment I sing!
Now what shall I do, Ned, to make them give o'er?
I'll tell you, quoth he:—do not sing any more.'

Though this triple row of couplets cannot boast of much precision or neatness of trim, yet it contains such sound substantial sense, that we think we cannot do better than prefix it to our critique as a certain remedy for any of those sores which a painful duty may impel us to inflict on the author. Not to keep Mr. James Fitzgerald in any suspense, we at once most unreservedly inform him, that in our opinion, a viler tissue of rhymes was never obtruded on the public notice even in this age of impudent ostentation. His mind, 'duller than the fat weed

' That rots itself at ease on Lethe Warf,'

never teems with one animated or sprightly thought: in his

odes indeed, which are strings of paltry lines, some on women, but most on wine, he aims at elevation and spirit, but it is the tedious and monotonous turbulence of inebriety. In his epigrams, he pretends to gaiety, but it is about as refreshing as the yawny simpering of a stupid fellow prosing on what he calls a facetious story. Even love cannot wake him to life and animation: his amorous ditties would put to sleep the most wakeful and love-sick damsels: conceit itself would dose over its own praises when so tamely uttered. He who is nerveless and unroused on such subjects as these, will hardly be expected to be very much alive on grave and solemn topics. We were therefore rather surprized, though not agreeably to find him more than usually vivacious in his *epitaphs*. Death is a subject which makes most people serious: even the gay and licentious feel a momentary pause in their merriment, in the contemplation of departing existence: the exits even of the absurd and foolish of mankind inspire well-regulated minds with mournful regret at least, if not with sorrow. Thus the Prince Henry is inspired with melancholy sentiments even on viewing the bloated carcase of the profligate buffoon Falstaff, and Hamlet gives way to unmixed expressions of grief on seeing the skull of a roaring jester who had been dead twenty years. Not so the author of *Poetical Pastimes*: like the philosophical Thracians of old, he looks upon death as the time for mirth and joke. Of twenty persons, whose ashes he has insulted by wretched verses, not one suggests a sad thought to his mind: he throws at them all indiscriminately his *bon-mots*, which, whilst they are scurrilous, manifest but little courage as the dead can make no repartees. If there were any wit in his jests, one might be induced to forgive their unseasonableness, but a dull joke on a grave subject is doubly offensive, as being both bad and out of place.

From these remarks, the reader will have perceived the nature of the poems that fill the volume, viz. *Odes, Quatrains, Miscellanies, Epigrams, and Epitaphs*.

Those who recollect Boileau's splendid description of an ode, and who have formed their idea of this species of poetry from the lyrics of Pindar, Horace, Gray, and Collins, will perhaps be somewhat surprized on opening this author, to find, that an ode consists of about a dozen of namby-pamby couplets ending with such rhymes as 'courting, sporting,' 'dimple, simple,' 'pleasure, leisure,' 'tickle, fickle,' 'drinking, thinking,' 'soul, bowl,'

'warmer, charmer,' while the verses to which these rhymes form the final appendages, are made solely for the sake of the said appendages, being filled up with no thought of any kind, but merely with a quantity of words scattered ad libitum, almost all synonymous with love and wine. The author may perhaps have the vanity to say or think, that Anacreon's Odes were of this species; but we must beg leave to tell him, that when he employs equal delicacy and simplicity of expression on the same worthless subjects which are treated of by the Grecian bard, then and then only may he degrade the ode by the choice of the same topics. We call them worthless, because, though we may love 'the generous wine,' as much as Mr. Fitzgerald or Anacreon himself, and though we think love a subject not unworthy of the noblest and purest pens that ever wrote, yet to celebrate the orgies of inebriety and to dwell with rapture on the charms of prostitutes, is we think, a style of writing fitted only for the perusal of those who are the subjects of the song.

The best poets, as far as we recollect, are, upon the whole, the most moral, and though we are fully aware, that the pages of Pope and Dryden are polluted with many indecencies, yet they have redeemed this fault with ten thousand moral excellencies. If Dryden and Pope had been always indecent, they would have been forgot long ago, and have slumbered on the same shelf with the abominations of Lord Rochester. Let these senseless pleas then be no more used, and let Mr. Fitzgerald learn, that if he expects the praise of the judicious, his muse must not reel like a drunkard nor leer like an harlot. To justify what may appear rather harsh censure, we shall present our readers with some quotations.

The following is ode the 3d.

'Tis true, indeed; the grave ones say,
 I trifle all my time away:
 For ever dancing, drinking, sporting,
 But most of all they cry in courting.
 Yet, howsoe'er those grave ones chatter,
 I care not much about the matter.
 In spite of them my foremost care
 Shall ever be to please the fair!
 With me, they like their ease and leisure;
 With me, they think of nought but pleasure;
 And could they also drink with me,
 Ah! that indeed were extacy!
 For when I drink, a-new I burn;
 Anew thro' all my loves return:

And count them o'er, and o'er and o'er,
Till I can count or drink no more!
Then I will sing of love and wine,
While yet the fire of youth is mine;
While happy in life's jocund spring,
I taste the joys of which I sing:
And none should sing of them I think
Save those who love themselves and drink.
Disputing thus, ah! who shall say,
I trifle all my time away? P. 78.

We give the following ode for its strangeness of thought or expression. Whether it be sublime or profane, or mere drunken raving, we will not venture to pronounce: let the reader judge. By-the-bye, it is an imitation perhaps of the ancient *Dythrambics*.

' A matter of some years ago
As sage and holy writers show;
Mankind such wicked deeds had done
God vow'd to drown them every one,
Except a single family;
Which might whene'er the ground grew dry,
Step from their ark upon the earth
And give the world a second birth.
But after he'd immersed the rest,
God stood to Noah's race confest,
In likeness of a beauteous bow;
Which as a token was to show
That good, henceforward, or bad men,
He ne'er would flood the earth again.
Now so unruly are my cares,
I've sworn to drown them unawares.
Yet as the Lord thought fit to spare
One human race, so love shall fare.
Love in the ladle for a boat
Unhurt amid the bowl shall float,
Until the viny deluge o'er,
He may get safe and dry to shore.
But for the rest both great and small
I am resolved to souse them all.
Then bring me, boy, a swinging bowl:
Mind, large enough to drown the whole.
And when I've drown'd them, love may throw
A glance in vain to seek a bow.
Mercy shall never find a place
In me towards any of his race:

For if a-new they plague me, then
I'll drown them o'er and o'er again.' P. 47, 8.

Perhaps after all this effusion neither aims at grandeur nor blasphemy, but is intended as a specimen of a very common, though by no means commendable figure of speech, called nonsense. Next come the 'Quatrains,' or poems, consisting of three stanzas of four lines each: without stopping to discuss the propriety of this title, we will present the reader with two specimens. Novelty and elegance strive for mastery in the following:

THE COMPARISON.

'The spring, like woman, mild and warm,
Calls forth the flowret's bloom;
Summer bestows a brighter charm,
But winter brings its doom!

'So once I shone too, fair and gay,
Beneath Lucinda's eyes;
Now that their beams are turn'd away,
Behold my colour flies!

'The flow'r, that in the morning smil'd
Ere evening may lie low;
And the fond youth by love beguil'd,
Thus fades *who flourish'd so*.—P. 71.

The next is 'of a higher strain,' being at once solemn and pathetic.

THE SHIPWRECK.

'Ruthless rocks! within the bay
Of tempestuous Alderney;
Couch'd the roaring billows under,
Wretched ships to rend asunder!
Hoping to escape the storm
When they feel your flinty form.
Ah! the struggle soon is over
Wounds so deadly ne'er recover!
Thus by fatal beauty won
Woo's the heart thro' love undone!
Cruel breasts, we hop'd to woo in,
Often prove our utter ruin.'—P. 78.

We come now to the miscellanies, which are chiefly amatory poems: we are afraid that the admirers of Suckling and Carew will not form a very favourable estimate of the following sprightly effusion:

TO A LADY

ON HER LOSING HER BROACH.

- ' A broach is the pride of my song,
Which stray'd from young Barbara's neck;
To rove other bosoms among,
But never so fair a one deck!
- ' Too long have I hid from the sight,
Said the generous broach on a day;
This bosom the source of delight,
That henceforth shall bear such a sway.
- ' He spoke: then withdrawing the barb
That lock'd its perfection from view;
Wide open'd the half conscious garb,
And prov'd that his judgment was true.
- ' Ever since has that breast caught each eye,
And forcibly held every heart;
It has taught me to feel with a sigh,
What I never must dare to impart.—P. 97, 8.

Anxious to afford his readers every species of entertainment, Mr. Fitzgerald, after soothing us with the melody of love madrigals, inspirits us with the 'brisk awakening riot' of epigram. The following are some of its piercing strains:

THE REPORTEE.

- ' Quoth a wag to a man once on Tyburn highway,
How far have I to go, can you tell me I pray?
Not more than a mile, Sir, the other replied,
You'll soon see the gallows along the road side.—P. 113.

THE GOOD NAME.

- ' When Monsieur first from France arriv'd,
He ask'd where a good tailor liv'd?
Why, Cabbage, Sir, of the West End,
The waiter cries, I recommend.
Cabbage, quoth Monsieur with a nod;
Is he one tailor à la mode,
And has he one good name? Quoth John,
There never was a better one!—P. 117.

We will just give the reader a taste of his epitaphs. We are rather puzzled which to select: inopes nos copia fecit. We are not willing however to say of this gentleman what was predicated of Demosthenes, that his longest

70 *Sketches of History, &c. in the North of Ireland.*

compositions are his best, and shall therefore quote two or three of the shortest.

ON A PAINTER.

'Beneath lies a painter whom few did excel;
But none it was thought could pourtray death so well:
Yet death always look'd in his pictures so ill,
That he call'd on the painter and gave him a pill!'

ON A BUMBAILIFF.

'Here lies Catchpole who in law's strife,
Was catching others all his life:
Old Nick now has caught him at last,
And will not let him go in haste.'—P. 138.

ON A SEXTON.

'Full many a man I've laid in earth,
The strongest that might be:
What now in all my boasting worth,
For lo! they've potted me!—P. 141.

We have taken a great deal more notice of this volume than it deserves. From the preface and the dedication (by permission) to Lord Moira, we are afraid that the author is one whom conceit and injudicious encouragement may render totally unfit for any useful occupation.

ART. VIII.—*Sketches of History, Politics, and Manners, taken in Dublin, and the North of Ireland, in the Autumn of 1810.* London, Cradock, 1811; 8vo. 8s.

IT would be well for reviewers, if all books were susceptible of two classifications, and their essential properties were either to instruct or to amuse. But unhappily there is a third class, which is much more numerous than the other two, which is at once stupid and vapid, equally destitute of information and of entertainment, making no additions to the stock either of knowledge or of merriment. Let not the author of these sketches, whoever he may be, imagine that we mean to place them under the last denomination. No; they are not amongst the dull and insipid trash which has often loaded our shelves. They are full of life and spirit, and if they do

not always conduce to intellectual aliment, they will seldom fail to contribute something to the fund of amusement. The diction of the writer, though sometimes rather too metaphorical for our taste, is often deficient neither in sprightliness nor in elegance. In chapter V. our author, who appears to have studied physic at Edinburgh, records the melancholy fate of a Mr. Colclough, who was his fellow student in that university. His brief history is not un-instructive, nor destitute of interest.

He took a distinguished part in the Irish rebellion, and was executed—he was a young man of considerable talents and great gentleness of manners; but he had great vanity, and great ambition also—vanity and ambition, more than conviction, have made many young men republicans. He who thinks himself qualified to govern, does not like to obey, and the youth who, in the glowing visions of imagination, wields a truncheon, and hearkens to the trumpet, can have little relish for the pestle and mortar's more peaceful sound. Among the debating societies of the students, there was one in which general subjects were discussed, to the exclusion only of medical ones. Mr. Colclough was a great speaker there, and often displayed no mean oratorical powers. I recollect well one subject of discussion was the assassination of Cæsar. "Was it a justifiable act on the part of Brutus and the other conspirators?" As may be supposed, he took the part of the great martyr of freedom; he made a long and brilliant speech which was greatly admired and rapturously applauded by all who heard it. I have very little doubt that the praise he received that night, gave a bias to his future life, and that the destiny of Brutus involved his own equally unfortunate one. He resolved to quit the profession of medicine, and betake himself to the bar, as a field where his abilities would have greater room. In the interval, however, a small fortune was left him, and he married. Shortly afterwards the Irish rebellion broke out—the stage was now erected on which so many thousands were doomed to perish; he flattered himself, no doubt, with being able to play a distinguished part, and was among the foremost who appeared on its reeking boards. He had talents, youth, and courage, which, well directed, might have given him the rank and consideration he so much coveted; but, abused and misapplied, served only to conduct him to the gallows—to excite some sympathy in the hearts of others, and probably in his last moments to embitter his own. At the age of twenty-six his course was finished. After the recapture of Wexford, he retired with his wife and child to one of the Saltee Islands, of which he was landlord, and chose for his temporary abode a cave, which he furnished with provisions, and hoped to remain concealed till the fervour

of prosecution should abate; but Mr. Bagenal Harvey, knowing his place of retreat, followed him so incautiously, as to afford a foundation for conjecture and discovery: they surrendered without resistance; though from the nature of the place they might have made for some time a defence. At his trial he displayed a calm intrepidity and dignity, tempered with mildness, which commanded the admiration and esteem of the spectators; at the place of execution he did not evince less fortitude; he called, it is said, for a glass of wine, and drank his Majesty's health. I hope this is not true. About to be launched into eternity, the most outrageous royalist troubles himself little about kings; but in a man of his prejudices and opinions, such a toast could only be dissimulation, and if ever given, must have proceeded from some faint hope, and lingering expectation of mercy. Mr. Colclough was a remarkably handsome man, elegantly made, though rather heavy in the limbs, as Irishmen generally are; his face was round and fair, with an expression of great sweetness; he was a Catholic, though, when I knew him, ashamed to acknowledge it; he thought it degrading as a philosopher and republican, to wear the shackles of so contracted a religion; yet so difficult are early habits to be rooted out, so much do the tales of the nursery influence the man, that what he denied with his tongue, he venerated in his heart; and he has been often known to steal privately to the only Catholic place of worship Edinburgh afforded; he was then very young, however, and his religious opinions might have undergone many changes previous to his death; little did I imagine at that period it should be his fate to undergo such a one, or that it should be mine thus to record it.

The present Lord-lieutenant appears from the account of this writer, as well as from other accounts which we have heard to be at least in one respect, admirably qualified for his post. 'He is what is called a five bottle man.' Many stories are told of his Bacchanalian feats. The author relates the following, but without vouching for the truth.

'He was spending a few days at a gentleman's house in the south of Ireland; there was a good deal of other company, all great toppers, and invited for that reason; they were milksops, however, compared to his excellency, who, having soon laid them under the table, was reduced to the unpleasant alternative of either drinking by himself, or not drinking at all. In this melancholy predicament, his host dispatched a messenger for a young curate of good family, in high estimation for the strength of his head, who lived a few miles distant; he begged of him, for the love of the Lord, the credit of the county, and the honour of his country, to come to him immediately, and strive

to keep company with his excellency. The clerical Bacchus did not refuse so agreeable a summons, and next day was seated at table opposite the vice-regal one:—after the rest of the party were dispersed or fallen, the two champions were left alone.—“This is poor pitiful work, your grace,” said the curate; “the wine is getting cold on my stomach; what do you think of a bumper of brandy?”—His grace had no objection to so spirited a proposition, and two large glasses were instantly swallowed—two others were as instantly filled up; Mr. ——— drank a part of his, but could proceed no further; his jaw became fixed, and he rolled motionless on the floor:—the duke coolly finished his own glass, and, smiling on his prostrate antagonist, walked steadily to his chamber. Next day he drank his health by the title of Dean—had he overcome the duke, I suppose he would have been a Bishop.

The author adds his testimony to the distressed situation of Dublin at the time of his visit last year; and we do not suppose that, since that period, there has been any return of Halcyon days. ‘Several thousand manufacturers are out of employment;’ and bankruptcies are so numerous that credit is almost at a stand.’ Part of this distress may certainly be placed to the account of the Union; but no small portion of it may probably be ascribed to causes which would have been operative if the union had never taken place.

‘The talent and integrity of the Irish parliament, can hardly, I believe, be under-rated; but frugality was not among its faults; it was bribed liberally, but it spent freely; its patriotism could never, I fear, much benefit the city of Dublin, but its money did. Three hundred Bacchanals, whose sun daily set in claret—spending six months every year with their wives and children in Dublin, must have been of infinite service; and their loss would for a time be severely felt. Something must likewise be attributed to the improvident disposition of the Dublin merchants, and shop-keepers, who live in great luxury and profusion—who too often adapt their expenditure to their highest income; and lay up nothing in a year of plenty, for a year of famine; but the effect of both these causes would have been transient; nor would the taxes have been severely felt, but for the almost universal stagnation of trade, occasioned by the present perplexed and complicated state of commerce in Europe.’

The author gives a lively account of the actors and actresses on the Dublin stage. He speaks of Miss Smith as ‘a great tragic actress.’ (This leads him to remark that there is ‘at present no tragic actress at Covent Garden.’) He says that

* No person could see Mrs. Siddons with pleasure now, who saw her for the first time;—she pleases from the force of habit only; which reconciles us to the most nauseous things, and attaches us to ugliness, because when we knew it first it was beauty:—This force of habit is of service to some of her *trair* relations, as well as to herself. Like old Transfer, in the novel of Zeluco, a London audience find nothing agrees with them so well as what they are accustomed to;—could any thing else render tolerable a large unwieldy woman, upwards of sixty years of age, counterfeiting the appearance, and mimicking the light and airy tread of lovely and fascinating youth.—Could she even be endured with her face to the audience; must not the delusion vanish the moment she turns her back? yet the back is not the least prominent part of Mrs. Siddons, and her friends may argue, with much plausibility, she is still a great actress at bottom;—even her face, though so generally admired, never pleased me—it is cast in too antique a mould—it does not show to advantage on a modern stage, or a woman's shoulders, though it might in front of a Roman legion.

The Irish bar is thus vividly and truly characterized!

* The style of the Irish bar is different from the English—it is less solemn and decorous, but more lively and animated, more glowing and figurative, more witty and sarcastic—it reasons less, it instructs less, it convinces less, but it amuses more; it is more ornamented, more dramatic; it rises to the sublime, it sinks to the humorous, it attempts the pathetic—but in all this there is too much the trick of the juggler. I don't say that an Irish advocate thinks less of his client than an English one, but he appears to think less; he appears to think most of himself—of his own reputation, of the approbation of his brethren, the applause of the spectators, and the admiration of the Court.—I dare say I should be most gratified by specimens of eloquence taken at the Irish bar, but was either my life or fortune at stake, I should like to be defended—at an English one.

In the social circle the Irish lawyer is portrayed as mingling gentlemanly manners with professional acuteness, lively repartee with classical allusion.

Yet even here it is easy to remark the traces of the defects I have mentioned—a rage to shine, and disposition to dazzle—his wit cloyes by repetition, and his allusions are often forced, and far-fetched—difficultly found, and not worth the trouble of seeking:—he is too fond of antithesis, likewise, and says smart, rather than sensible things; specious, rather than solid things.—This disposition, however, to be witty rather than wise, is not confined to the gentlemen of the bar, but is universal through

the city—in every party I have been in, talkers were many, and listeners were few; and wit, or what was meant to be such, was bandied about with the bottle, or the cards. As many of these would-be-wits had little pretensions to it, we had often laugh, when there was no joke, and much merriment when there was little reason for it.—They are great punners, and, to do them justice, I heard some excellent ones.—I would recommend the editor of the *Morning Post*, who seems so partial to this species of humour, to import a quantity for the use of his paper, as the stock on hand is of the vilest kind.

Our agreeable traveller proceeded from Dublin to Drogheda. It was market-day, when he arrived; he remarked that the country-people in general were neatly dressed, and none without shoes or stockings; but he says that the individuals of the fair sex were 'almost all ugly, and at thirty had the look of old age.' Allowing the fact, we doubt whether he has accounted for it by ascribing it to 'scanty nourishment, hard labour, and much exposure to the air.' Does not the free use of whiskey also tend to accelerate a premature decay? At Drogheda our author was hospitably entertained at the house of a shopkeeper, and as he expected to hear mass in perfection in a great Catholic town, he asked his host, who was a Protestant, to go with him to some Popish chapel in the place. But Mr. — started as if a culverin had been let off at his ear. He could not have been more astonished if he had been asked to go, in church time, to a house of ill fame.

'I stood an hour in my friend's shop this morning, after breakfast, and was highly amused with the manner of doing business.—The number of people that came in was very great, and so was the trouble they gave; stuffs, dimities, and cottons, were tossed about, with as much indifference to the trouble given the shopman, as a fashionable lady in Bond-street feels on a similar occasion:—one or two women bought gowns, and I observed that the colours they preferred, were all different shades of green—a very elegant stuff, of a pale yellow was shown them—the youngest seemed pleased with it, but the other whispered something in Irish, and then laid it aside.—I remarked the shopman smiled, and asked him what she said: "Don't have any thing to do with it, it is a protestant colour." Green, in all its shades, is catholic—Orange is protestant—Green is not only the most beautiful, but it is the national colour.—All the attachments, prejudices, and prejudices of the Catholic, have a reference to the country, to the soil, to the soil, as he affectionately terms it;—this is a more natural feeling, and therefore bids fair to be more lasting than the protestant one, which is artificial and factitious, founded on recollections that time must

infallibly weaken, and on attachments that are extrinsic and adventitious.'

From Drogheda our author journeyed to Monaghan. He breakfasted at Castle Blayney in his way, where he remarks the great improvement which has taken place in the state of the Irish inns, which were 'some years ago, miserable hog-styes, rather than the habitations of men;' but which are now said to be 'second only to English ones,' and 'in some respects not second.' The author, at this place, furnishes some biographical notices of Lord Blayney, and mentions one of his boyish propensities to have been that of 'slaughtering cattle;' and his lordship is said to have been not merely a theoretical amateur, but a practical proficient in knocking down an ox. The author was much struck with the contrast between Monaghan, where he now was, and Drogheda, which he had so lately left. 'It was as if one had fallen asleep in London, and awoke in Edinburgh.' A large portion of the inhabitants are of Scottish extraction, and still preserve the leading traits of the Scottish character, though blended with some Irish lineaments. Or the physiognomy of a third character, has resulted from the union of the two, but still with a predominance of Scottish lines. Our author on leaving Monaghan makes a pedestrian excursion to Cootehill in the county of Cavan, on a visit to a lady, who was the mother of an old and intimate friend. The following, as well as some other parts of the work, is honourable to the writer's sensibility.

*** He was indeed a friend, such as is seldom to be found. His kindness had gladdened life in its gay, had cheered it in its melancholy and sustained it in its sinking moments—he was now no more.—In the flower of youth, in the enjoyment of comfort, he had been summoned from this life,—from the banquet he scarcely had tasted, from the cup that was just raised to his lips,—from his mother's house, where last I had seen him, the abode of plenty and happiness, to the cold mansions of the grave!—she received me with pleasure;—she strove to tell me so, but her heart was full.—Welcome was in her eye, but she could not speak it with her tongue;—she made the attempt, however, but her words were drowned in her sobs and her tears.—She looked on me, but she thought of her son,—of the days we had passed together, our convivial nights.—The years that elapsed were forgot, and her son seemed to stand before her in the person of his friend. I strove to console her, but I wanted consolation myself;—twelve years had rolled their heavy course since I had seen her last on this spot;—what changes had since

taken place in her life and my own!—The dreams of youth were vanished, the brain-span web of romantic happiness was broken, and the flowers, with which fancy graced its borders, torn away.—This, perhaps, is but ideal misery,—her's, alas! was real;—she was old, she was solitary, she was a widow, she was childless;—one of her sons had died abroad, in a distant land, among strangers, in the island of Malta.—The other, he whom I knew,—at home,—on the eve of marriage, in her arms;—she closed the eyes of him who she hoped would have closed her's, and she had not one relation remaining in the wide world;—like the North American chief she might sorrowfully exclaim;—"There is not a drop of my blood runs in the veins of any human being."

The author furnishes much interesting matter respecting Cootehill, and its vicinity. The story of Lord B—— is very well told; if we had room we would extract it. In the following part of the work, we find a few admirable sketches of Irish character, we mean of that which predominates in the north of Ireland. For the character, which pervades the southern provinces, appears to be differently modified. As our agreeable traveller proceeded from Cootehill to Omagh, he spent a day at the house of a rich farmer, a sturdy *Orange* man, who lived at the distance of some miles from the former place. Our author, in stepping incautiously out of the farmer's gig, plunged up to the middle of his leg in a stagnant pool of dirty water at the door. * * 'Never mind the water, my honey, (said the farmer) take a drop of the *cratur** to keep it out of your stomach, and I warrant you it will do you no harm.' On carving the goose, which was sailing on the pond 'like a stately swan', when our traveller arrived, the farmer, in flourishing his knife and fork, unfortunately cut his fingers instead of the bird. The author, who had no mind to eat goose with sauce made out of the farmer's veins,

'sent away his plate, being perfectly satisfied. * * My host's kind heart was not so easily contented; he had returned to the table with his fingers tied up, in a clout that was none of the cleanest: he said I had made no dinner, and that I must positively eat a wing of the goose, which he swore the blood had not touched. "But what, though it had, man," said he, with a cordial slap of his sound hand on my knee, "it is neither Jew's

* A term, we believe, of affection for whiskey; the great comforter of the Irish of both sexes, at the dawning day and at the setting sun.

nor Papist's blood, but a good old Protestant's, who never did a dishonest, or disloyal action; who loves God, and honours the King." "And hates the Pope," said I. "D—n the Pope," said he, "and all *that* takes his part; if I had the *trial* of them, I would hang them all up without judge or jury;—an outlandish vagrant, seated cross-legged on his seven hills, like a scarlet whore, its heir is." "He has quitted the hills," said I, "his French physician thought the air of them too keen for his constitution, and ordered him down to the valley." "He should have ordered him to the Devil," said my host, (who had swallowed a bumper or two of grog, before dinner, and was now a little elevated), "he and all his breed.—Come," said he, "I'll give you a toast, that I am sure you won't object to, for you have a good Protestant face; come, bumper, bumper I say, no *sky-lights*—here's to H—with them all for ever!"—"For ever," said I, "is surely too long; a thousand or two years might satisfy."—"That's purgatory," said he, "and the Papist's doctrine.—I don't believe in it—Ah, master of mine (drawing his chair closer, and speaking lower, as if afraid of being overheard), you don't know *them* as I do; you *hain't* lived among them, and can't tell what sort of *carmin* they are: why, *miny*, my own *servants* would murder me in my bed, if they durst; and so I told them on Friday last, being the *first* of *August* old style, of all days in the year; you ungrateful vipers you," said I, "I feed and *nurrish* you, and yet if the French landed to-morrow, you would *turn tails*, and cut off my head, for a present to some French captain or other, to make yourselves more welcome." "French captains," said I, "care very little about men's heads, whatever they may about their purses; there is gold sometimes in them."—"And lead in the poor Irishmen's skulls," said he, with a laugh; "thank you, thank you, master; come, that's a good one too; I love my joke, and I love my friend, and I love my glass, and I love—dang it, *thit's* well thought on too—I say, fill your glass, I'll give you my wife's health—a better *soul* never broke bread; doesn't cross the threshold from week's end to week's end, and yet you see, in company, she *his* quite the look of a lady—she's of a *grate* family, in the county Armagh—her father's a tip-top man there—keeps a large tan-yard, and is hand in glove with Squire Verner, and all the rest of the gentry.—Orange and Blue for ever, my jewel," said he,—"King William, for ever,—King George,—God bless him."—"And the Princess Charlotte," said I, "and the Prince of Wales, and the Royal family—That's what the prayer-book says."—"The Prince of Wales is a good man's son, and *therefore* we'll drink reformation to him," said he, "if you *plase*. Can you tell me if he keeps company with Mrs. F——yet?"—"Its very likely," said I, "for I am told she is still a handsome woman."—"She's old," said he.—"No woman is old in London," said I. "There is a *grate* many of them," said he, "that are older than they

are good, I'll be bound for it; but you can't deny that Mrs. F—— is a Papist." "Why, man," said I, "the Papists are a great trouble to you.—Do you think the Prince of Wales goes to Mrs. F—— to talk religion to her?" "I don't know what the devil he goes to her for," said he, "nor, not to give you an ill answer, do I care:—but this I know, simple as I sit here, I would'nt go to a Popish w—— when a Protestant one was to be got, for love or money; but I suppose, its all owing to that damned fellow Mac——, who, if he had his good will, would not let a Protestant dog near him, for fear of his barking some truth into his ear."

In the way between the village of Cross Roads, and Aghnacloy, our author, who was now a pedestrian tourist, was overtaken 'by a gentleman's servant in a jaunting car,' who favoured him with a seat in his vehicle. Our traveller found the hospitable chariotteer to be a staunch Burdettite, and said, that if he was within forty miles of Sir Francis, he would 'walk them bare-footed to set his two eyes on him.' He shewed his enthusiastic admiration of the member for Westminster, by the eager curiosity which he evinced to know 'his height, age, person, &c. He asked our traveller if he had read the story of Sir Francis's goodness

"to his wife's waiting maid, who had an *ould* mother to support?"—I told him I had. "There's a gentleman for you," proceeded he, with exultation:—(I cautioned him to sit steady lest he should tumble off)—"there's a gentleman worth fighting for, by the Holy Father, (his very oath, as I have in relating this conversation made use of his own words, as far as I could recollect them) I would wade up to my knees in blood for him; but these London capons have no spirit, or they would'nt have given him up so *donsily*! (easily)—ogh, ogh, if some of our barony boys had been there, we would have shewn them the difference, we would'nt have hung our tails and ran away, as those roast beef and plum-pudding fellows did."

Our author very shrewdly remarks, that all Pat's jests are levelled at what he thinks the shades in his brother John's character—his gluttony and unwieldiness—his roast beef, fat pork, and strong ale—his red face, and big belly: he despises him as an over-fed and inanimate hog, who is afraid to face danger, and unable to bear fatigue, and attributes the successes of the navy and army to his own courage and exertions.

In the vicinity of Omagh, the author went in his medical capacity to visit a farmer, whom, in a very sultry evening, he found lying under a 'treble load of blankets, with an immense fire blazing on the earth.

"I moved to the window, to try to open it, but it was nailed down. Irish farmers think they have air enough in the open fields, and seldom admit it into their apartments;—they would therefore be reservoirs of disease, but happily, the same carelessness which shuts it out, sometimes lets it in.—Panels when once broken, are seldom mended, and even a hole in the roof is seldom hastily repaired.—I felt the man's pulse and looked at his tongue—he was in a high fever—his situation would have caused some degree of it to every human being. I desired the guid wife (as she is called) to take off some of the blankets.—"I durs na, Surr," she said, "he is in a great *heet*, and would tak his death of *cauld*."—"My good woman," I said, "if he takes his death (which is not unlikely) it won't be from cold I assure you—why do you keep such a fire on this warm evening?"—"In troth, Surr, and I will just tell ye: he has a grate weight about his *heart*, and the *ni'bours* advised me to put it on, and now and then, to gie him a wee drap of whiskey, just to strike it out."—"And then my guid *ni'bours*, come in o'evenings," said the sick man, "to ask how I am, and crack a bit—one must have something to make them comfortable, you know."—"I know," said I, "if I was in a fever, I would think of myself, and not of those who, from idle curiosity, came in to visit me; and who run the risk of taking an infectious disease, and propagating it through the country.—Do you wish I should order you any medicine?"—"I canna say I do, Surr; not that I would *kast* ony slur on your judgment, but I am in the hands of Providence, and he is the best doctor:—he knows what is guid for me, better than I do myself, and gin it be *leefe*, or death, I submit myself to his will."—"Providence allows second means to be made use of," I said; "as he gives corn to satisfy hunger, and water to quench thirst, so he gives medicine to cure disease. You had better let me order something."—"I canna, Surr, I canna; dinna be angry with me, but it would be tempting Providence."

What would become of the medical fraternity, if all sick men and women were to turn rigid predestinarians? Surely Sir Henry Hallford, and the rest of his honourable profession ought to make the bow profound to Bp. Tomline and other divines who have provided the community with antidotes to Calvinism!

In talking of the emigrations of the Irish to America, the author makes a distinction, which we believe a just one, between the different degrees of fervor, in which the love of the natal soil of Green Erin operates in the bosom of an Irish Presbyterian and an Irish Catholic. The Catholic, says the author,

*hardly ever emigrates—fondly attached to his country, to his friends, to his parents, he seldom leaves them when he can at all

live among them. When obliged by want or imprudence to quit his native place, he goes into the militia, or perhaps wanders as far as London.' * * * 'The attachment,' of the Presbyterian to the country is not half so strong as the Catholic's; his energy is more and his sensibility less. Oppressed by his landlord, whose exactions hardly allow him the necessities of life, he seeks, most commonly in America, what Ireland denies him, where his perseverance and industry soon give him independence and affluence.'

The Protestants are said to compose the greater part of the Irish emigrants to the United States, and it is remarked, that 'the population of Ireland is rapidly becoming more Catholic.' This we have learned from other quarters, besides the work now before us.

Our author celebrates not only the probity but the hospitality of the inhabitants of Strabane. He remarks too, that in the parties to which he was invited, he 'saw no disposition to excess, every person was at liberty to drink as he pleased.' This is a proof of increasing civilization.

We shall close our extracts from this work with the following sketch of the Irish ladies.

In general they are fair and well looking. They are not unsuccessful copyists of English fashions, and have a good deal the appearance of English women. If there is a shade of difference, it is that their features are harsher, and their persons rather more masculine. They are very fond of dancing, in which they display more vivacity and rapidity of movement than elegance or grace. This, perhaps, may be no evil. Young women who are taught the steps of opera dancers, are often apt to learn their tricks. They are more acute and knowing than English women. They have not (I think) by any means, so much sensibility; their passions are not so easily inflamed.—They can play about a flame, therefore, which would singe and consume an English woman.—They have probably more vanity, and they have certainly more pride.—In an Irish country town, there are four or five different degrees in female rank, and each class looks down with sovereign contempt on the one below it.—The consequence of this, I fear, is that Irish women are not so agreeable acquaintances as English women:—they have many virtues, but pride is the rind that conceals them.—A man accustomed to English manners, will seldom take the trouble to break it.—Yet so strange a thing is human nature—so admirably are disadvantages balanced by corresponding advantages, that I have doubts whether the negative qualities of this very vice of pride, does not do as much good as any positive virtue;—at least, if female chastity is the essential virtue that people are disposed to think it. Irish pride gives chastity to the females, in a de-

gree that hardly any country this day in Europe can boast of. Adultery, or an intrigue even, is unknown among females in the middle class.—A married woman may be violent, may be a tyrant.—An unmarried one may be peevish, may be ignorant, may be flippant,—but they are,

“Chaste as the icicle,
That hangs on Dian’s temple.”

‘Climate no doubt has some influence in this;—religion has some; but pride, pride is the buckram and whalebone in the stays of Irish chastity, which enables it to walk through life, as stately as a duchess at a coronation.’

This is a very amusing performance, and we would therefore advise him or her who opens it, to do it at least three or four hours before their accustomed time of going to bed, or otherwise they are likely to break far into the night, and perhaps not to put on their night-caps till they hear chattering crow in the morning.

ART. IX.—*The Gleaner, a Series of periodical Essays, selected and arranged from scarce or neglected Volumes, with an Introduction, and Notes. By Nathan Drake, M.D. Author of ‘Literary Hours,’ and of ‘Essays on Periodical Literature,’ 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s. Suttaby, London, 1811.*

A WORK which consists professedly of republications, rarely falls within the plan of periodical criticism; whenever its merits do become the object of inquiry, the labours of the editor are the more immediate occasion of it, than the abilities of the authors. In the present instance, a few only out of the numerous works, from which these volumes have been compiled, have previously arrested the attention of many readers, and a very small portion of them have ever been ushered into the world by the fostering notice of criticism, or dismissed from it by its frowns. Some of the papers, and especially some of the earlier ones, are the productions of well known and justly admired authors, but of these the majority are nearly forgotten, for which reasons we do not conceive the examination of the works themselves to be foreign from our general plan.

Dr. Drake informs us in his introduction, that while composing his essays on periodical literature, he was under the necessity of turning over many volumes now neglected;

from these volumes, including the periodical essayists, who have published between the years 1713 and 1797, the present collection has been formed. From this are excluded those works of established reputation, which the editor names 'The British Classical Essayists,' under which title he includes, *The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; *The Rambler*, *Adventurer*, and *Idler*; *The World*, *Connoisseur*, and *Mirror*; *The Lounger*, *Observer*, and *Looker-On*; to which the 'Gleaner,' is intended as a supplementary companion. The arrangement pursued is not strictly chronological, as much so however, as is consistent with the leading and indispensable object of variety.

Nineteen works out of one hundred and twenty-two, which were published from 1709 to 1760, have been laid under contribution for the two first volumes.

The first volume commences with two papers of Steele's, 'The Englishman,' 1713, the only work from his pen, or enriched by his contributions, which has not revisited the press. The first of these contains an interesting account of the residence of Alexander Selkirk for more than four years on Juan Fernandez, a story which we are now more accustomed to contemplate as a tale of romance, than as a real unadorned fact. The writer describes himself as having frequently conversed with this extraordinary man, after his return to England in 1711, extraordinary not solely from his adventures, but for having overcome the very impulse of nature, that longing desire for the sight and converse of a fellow-creature, which protracted separation seems more likely to increase than to obliterate.

'When I first saw him,' says the writer of this paper, 'I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discerned, that he had been much separated from company, by his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ship, which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity to refresh and help them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude. Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar intercourse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face.'

The true story of this man recalls us to the tale, a mixture probably of fable and truth, of Philoctetes on his desert island. Nor can we bring a stronger proof, that the Greek dramatist drew from nature, than that the moving words, which he puts into the mouth of Philoctetes, when describing his first sensations at finding himself cut off from the society of man, are an accurate transcript of what Selkirk really felt, when the vessel put off, 'at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades, and all human society at once.' De Foe, in his *Robinson Crusoe*, as well as Sophocles in his tragedy, so many centuries before him, seems to have considered this indifference of returning to the society of mankind as too incredible for his tale, although the hero of the fable of antiquity had so many reasons to view that society with the eye of a misanthrope. Two numbers from the '*Lay Monastery*,' 1713, and supposed to have issued from the prolific pen of Sir Richard Blackmore, on the parallel between poetry and painting, are not only free from the peculiarities and absurdities of that author, but evince a justness of conception, of which he gave so few specimens, that we are almost inclined to doubt the correctness of their parentage. The other works in this volume, from which the best pages occur, are the '*Free-Thinker*,' and the '*Universal Spectator*.' The oriental tales in the former are well deserving of that notice which they have now nearly ceased to excite. In the latter, among other good papers, we find the foundation for the ingenious and humorous critique on the *Knave of Hearts* in Numbers Eleven and Twelve of the *Microcosm*. In a work entitled '*Common Sense*,' occurs the following advice to those ladies who are not remarkable for external accomplishments, in which they are recommended to avoid all superfluities in dress. We doubt much, however, whether the author will increase the number of his female readers, and consequently extend the empire of reform, by addressing them in the following way, a manner which shews a very mistaken notion of that sort of humour which Horace, as a poet, and Addison, as an essayist, employed to correct the follies of the times in which they respectively lived.

'I come now to a melancholy subject, and upon which the freedom of my advice, I fear, will not be kindly taken; but as the cause of common sense is most highly concerned in it, I shall proceed, without regard to the consequences. I mean the ugly (I am sorry to say), so numerous a part of my country-

women. I must for their own sakes treat them with some rigour, to save them not only from public ridicule, but indignation. Their dress must not be above plain prose, and any attempts beyond it, amount at the best to mock-heroic and excite laughter. An ugly woman should by all means avoid any ornament that may draw eyes upon her, which she will entertain so ill; but if she endeavours by dint of dress to cram her deformity down mankind, the insolence of the undertaking is resented, and when a gorgon curls her snakes to charm the town, she would have no reason to complain, if she lost head and all by the hand of some avenging Perseus. Ugly women (who may be more properly called a third sex, than a part of the fair one), should publicly renounce all thoughts of their persons, and turn their thoughts another way: they should endeavour to be honest, good-humoured gentlemen: they may amuse themselves with field sports and a cheerful glass, and if they could get into parliament, I should, for my own part, have no objection to it. Should I be asked, how a woman should know she is ugly, and take her measures accordingly, I answer, that in order to judge right, she must not believe her eyes, but her ears, and if they have not heard very warm addresses and applications, she may depend upon it, it was the deformity and not the severity of her countenance that prevented them. *Common-Sense*, February, 1737.

Nothing could be more fallible than the criterion which this writer proposes, that the fair sex, and this epicene gender of his own creation should apply to in their judgment on their own personal attractions. Did he forget the importunities with which many a Dutch-built city dame, many a may-pole with a vacant face, or dwarfish pollard with a deformed one, have been solicited for their jointures and fortunes, instead of their minds, faces, or persons? And yet the very rules which this author has laid down, do not forbid the former to attempt the compression of her dimensions, round the waist, while the overflowing profusion of her charms is protruded naked above, or the latter to attempt, unconvinced by the assurances of Scripture, to add another cubit to her stature, by high heels and lofty feathers. From '*Common Sense*,' we will turn to those who are more unworthy of remaining 'scarce and neglected.'

From '*The Inspector*,' are extracted several papers on natural history, and particularly entomology, from the pen of Sir John Hill, published in 1751. Dr. Drake has illustrated some of them by some pages from Sullivan's *View of Nature*, very appositely introduced. We particularly recommend the 109th paper of the *Inspector* to our

readers, (vol. 2, of the *Gleaner*, p. 268); it will shew how highly susceptible of elegant description subjects of this nature may be made; their subserviency to the interests of religion and morality has been too often insisted upon, to need repetition.

Some entertaining selections are made from 'the *Gray's Inn Journal*,' 1752—and 'the *Old Maid*,' 1755.

The third volume commences with a paper on little men by Colman, who was himself not above five feet in height. It forms the second number of a paper entitled 'the *Genius*,' 1761. The *Genius* introduces himself to the public with the following very humorous description of his own person:

Let not, however, the partial reader conclude too hastily from what has been said, that I pretend to the honour of the deformity of Scarron, the crookedness of Pope, the blindness of Milton or Homer, or even the long nose, or no nose of *Tristram Shandy*. Not to make any further delay of introduction after having so long announced myself to the good company, the truth, and the whole truth is, that I am of a remarkable low stature; a sort of diminutive play thing of Madam Nature, that seems to have been made like a girl's doll, to divert the good lady in her infancy: a little *i* without a little *o* top; a human figure in miniature; a minin of nature; a mannikin, not to say minnikin, and indeed rather an abstract or brief chronicle of man's fair proportions, than a man at large. My person indeed is not formed in that excellent mould of littleness, which, as in some insects and animals, becomes beautiful from the nice texture, and curious compositions of its parts. I may be seen, it is true, without the help of a microscope, and am not even qualified to rival the dwarf Coan, by being exhibited to my worthy countrymen at sixpence each. I am however so low in stature, that my name is never mentioned without the epithet 'little' being prefixed to it; the moment that my person presents itself among strange company, the first idea that strikes the beholders is the minuteness of my figure, and a whisper instantly buzzes round the room, "Lord, what a little creature;" as I walk along the street, I hear the men and women say to one another, "there goes a little man." In a word, it is my irreparable misfortune to be without my shoes; little more than five feet in height. Eating of daisy roots, we are told, will retard a man's growth; if the French alimentary powder, or any other new invented diet, would at once elevate me, and surprise my friends, I would go through a regimen to be raised ever so little nearer to heaven.

Had Mr. Colman lived in the days of the Oxford ugly club, his diminutive proportions would have made him a

formidable rival to the Spectator on the occurrence of a vacancy. His paper continues in a playful style, and at the conclusion turns on an observation, singular in itself, though not unfrequently made, that a very considerable part of the distinguished men of various countries, have been recorded to have been men of very low stature. To Mr. Colman's list of men of this description, Dr. Drake in a note adds the name of the present autocrat of western Europe; and we are here compelled to notice the irrelevancy of some of the editor's notes. The mention of the name of Bonaparte was natural enough; but what elucidation or illustration can it possibly throw on the subject before us, to fly off to 'energetic passages on British liberty,' and favour us with a quotation from Bradstreet's Sabine Farm? Mr. Bradstreet's lines are highly deserving of commendation for their poetical vigour, but are wholly misapplied in the present instance.

The 'Olla Podrida' and 'the Microcosm' claim the first station in this volume; if they are scarce volumes, we trust they are not neglected by those who are possessed of them. The persons by whom the latter work was written, the place, and the circumstances under which it was published, and the political notoriety, which has since attended several of the contributors to it, independently of the intrinsic merit of many of the papers, had, we conceived, continued to secure it many readers; with this impression on our minds, we shall not make any further observation on it, than that Dr. Drake has certainly made a very favourable selection from it, although we should have been happy to have seen the very good paper on Swearing transplanted to his pages. The humorous papers in the 'Olla Podrida' approach nearer to the manner of our older essayists, than those of any other work in the whole collection.

There is one argument, (says the author of No. 17), in favour of a multiplicity of newspapers, which I do not remember to have met with; namely, that no man is ever satisfied with another man's reading a newspaper to him, but the moment it is laid down he takes it up and reads it over again. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that each should have a newspaper to himself, and so change about, till every paper shall have been read by every person.

Our author might in charity have extended his recommendation to a multiplicity of Reviews in all coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, breakfast tables, &c. The same author feelingly complains of the grievance of paying visits, and

receiving the same, the number of which, he observes, 'has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished.' The following observations on conversation are well imagined.

'A table of any kind, considered as a centre of union, is of eminent service to conversation at all times, and never do we feel more sensibly the truth of that old philosophical axiom, that nature abhors a vacuum, than upon its removal. I have been told that even in the Blue-stocking Society, formed solely for the purpose of conversation, it was found after repeated trials impossible to get on, without one card-table. In that same venerable society, when the company is too widely extended to engage in the same conversation, a custom is said to prevail, and a very excellent one it is—that every gentleman upon his entrance, selects a partner, as he would do at a ball, and when the conversation dance is gone down, the company change partners, and begin afresh.'

This custom undoubtedly promises very salutary effects, more nevertheless is wanting to complete the system. The conversation dance, as it is termed, may be reasonably considered as concluded, when a profound silence ensues; yet by a most unaccountable piece of courtesy, an universal custom prevails, never to leave a partner at this precise time, but to wait and take advantage of the very first appearance of a thaw. The longer the silence, the more impossible does it seem to separate, and many a couple have thus wasted many minutes face to face without a sound to interrupt their taciturnity, until providentially some third person of charitable disposition, or loquacious habits, has stepped in and relieved their embarrassment. We recommend therefore that the partners should separate immediately, when either is conscious that the existing topic is exhausted, with liberty nevertheless to resume at a future part of the evening. A lapse of nearly two centuries does not seem to have produced much visible improvement in conversation. That between the poet and his patron, we are told, seldom amounted to more than

'Hora quota est, Thrax est Gallina Syro par'

which may be freely rendered in English. What's the hour? is the 'Chicken' a match for Gully, or any other professor of the fist? This was, it appears, the extent of the familiar intercourse between two of the most accomplished men of their own times; and we confess our doubts, whether during the hour or half hour in the day

immediately preceding dinner, a time set apart for conversation by immemorial custom, the Georgian age produces a more lively, entertaining, or instructive confabulation than the Augustan. As the work which we are reviewing is of course of the most desultory nature, we shall be pardoned for moving off, without a formal bow, from the company, which we left, filling up their half hour before dinner, to a place where they will one day follow us, the church-yard, and make no farther apology for a transition from the conversation of the living to monumental inscriptions over the dead. The thirty-ninth paper of the '*Olla Podrida*' on this subject, gives to epitaphs the general classification of the learned—the sublime—the characteristic—and the complimentary. Under the first head are contained those which are written in the dead languages, or rather in the Latin tongue, as the former is as rigidly excluded from our temples as from our senate. The use of these, the essayist would restrict to the commemoration of the excellencies of deceased scholars.

English epitaphs are in our opinion in general so diffuse, and abound so much in indiscriminate praise, that they very seldom obtain an attentive reader. The Latin language on the contrary is adapted to the condensation of much matter in a small space. And although the readers of inscriptions in this language, and consequently those who may possibly benefit by them, must always be comparatively few; we are convinced that notwithstanding this disproportion, more Latin epitaphs are treasured in the mind than English.

But the chief reason why we should be sorry to see Latin inscriptions exclusively confined to so few departed individuals of scholastic attainments, is the concise and exquisitely affecting turn of some, the condensed morality of others, and the brief and forcible appeals to the readers for which many are remarkable. Epitaphs are not to be considered merely as grateful testimonies to the virtues of the dead, but as specimens of the talents of the living. We know that they are frequently composed wholly with the latter view, and human nature tells us, that even under afflicting circumstances, they are frequently produced with a view to both these objects. As the admirers therefore of affecting composition in the dead language, we should be very loth that the epitaphs on women should be confined to the tongue, which they understand. The decay of youth, beauty, and innocence,

under every circumstance of more than ordinary interest, are subjects to which a single turn of thought, in the Latin language, may give the most pathetic effect, in the fewest possible number of lines; while in our own language, that artificer of periods must have acquired no small degree of skill, who shall erect his edifice of words, neither mean nor bald, from conciseness, nor tritely sentimental, from diffusion. Bourne's best Latin epitaphs are on women. Lowth's son, his daughter will not be soon forgotten.

The periodical works, which have been laid under contribution to form the fourth volume, are in number ten, published between the years 1790 and 1797 inclusively. 'The Bee' is the work of the most consideration, and has produced a series of critical papers on the merits of staple British authors, well worthy of the attention of the lovers of literature. We regret to add at the same time, that many of the papers are tinged with strong marks of Scotch nationality; some apparently drawn up more as panegyrics of 'the land of the mountain and the flood' than as unbiassed disquisitions on literary characters. In a paper comprising sketches of the characters of Hume, Robertson, Franklin, and Johnson, Dr. Drake has omitted all that related to the latter, 'as being written,' he says, 'with undue severity, and exhibiting strong marks of prejudice and aversion.' But why omit it? If the criticisms are unsound, which if raised on the soil of prejudice and aversion, they probably are, no persons, whose opinions are worth retaining, will be induced to alter them; and although we are as averse as any men, from any attempt to beat down the well-earned reputation of that great man, we anticipate some ingenuity of argument, and originality of conception in the author, whose few following words, relative to Johnson, are quoted in a note:

'Towards the latter part of his life, when he thought he could indulge his humour, there are many strong and luminous flashes buried among a chaos of rubbish and confusion. Yet even that chaotic mass has something of the terrible and sublime; the flashes that there occur, are like the glare of lightning that serve to make the impression of the gloom more awful. The Bee, vol. xiii. p. 117.

The last paper in these volumes, No. 26 of the 'Reaper,' published in 1797, contains some circumstances relative to the life of Collins, unnoticed by Langhorne, and Johnson, and extracted from some letters in the possession of the

late Mr. Hymers of Queen's College, Oxford, who had intended to edit a collection of Collins's works, with an account of his life. The first of these letters written by Mr. Warton, mentions the following circumstances:

' Here (at Chichester) he shewed us an ode to Mr. John Home on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, and beginning,

' Home, thou return'st from Thames!'

' I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or in the language of the old Scotch superstitions, seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheek, &c. Mr. Home has no copy of it. He also shewed us another ode of two or three four lined stanzas, called 'The Bell of Arragon,' on a tradition, that just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Saragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:

" The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day."

' Soon afterwards were these lines:

" Whatever dark ærial power
Commission'd haunts the gloomy tower."

' The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called 'some simpler bell.' I have seen all his odes already published in his own hand-writing; they had marks of repeated correction; he was perpetually changing his epithets.

Afterwards,

' Dr. Warton, my brother, has a few fragments of some other odes, but too loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery. In the ode to Pity, the idea of a temple of pity, of its situation, construction, and groupes, of painting, with which its walls were decorated, was borrowed from a poem, now lost, entitled 'The temple of Pity,' written by my brother, while he and Collins were school-fellows at Winchester college.

' Collins died in 1759, aged 39. Johnson erroneously says in 1756. In another letter from some person intimate with Collins, it appears, that he had begun his translation of Aristotle, contrary to what Langhorne and Johnson say. The writer of the latter had himself seen many sheets of that work.

We here conclude our account of the different works. To the labours of essayists, and to the taste, which has rendered their works familiar to all the educated part of society, is to be attributed in a very great measure the modern cultivation of manners, and of intellect; and if the actions of the majority of our countrymen depend as much on a sense of propriety, and a fear of deviating from the established axioms of morality, as on religious motives, the essayist, who contributes to establish a pure system of manners, is an instructor of no common utility. As the essay to be useful must be popular, in attacking our failings, must begin with the pruning knife, before it ventures to handle the axe, the easy wit, and elegant railery of the spectator, have given birth to numerous imitators; of these all have fallen short of their original, and in the collection before us, we cannot but observe it as the prominent deficiency, that but very few of the humorous papers present, well drawn or comprehensive pictures of the manners of the day, in which they were written; while some of our earlier periodical papers seem almost to unite the office of histories of the manners of the day, to the character of moral or humorous essays. We consider the '*Gleaner*,' however, as a very proper companion, to what Dr. Drake terms, the '*British classical Essayists*,' it rescues from oblivion the effusions of many men distinguished for their talents, many papers, and some whole works undeserving of the neglect they experience; and we have seldom examined a selection, whether of poetry or prose, where we have wished to retain so much, and reject so little.

Dr. Drake's editorial labours are confined to occasional notes attached to the papers, containing remarks or quotations of parallel passages; we have before given an instance where he is rather irrelevant; he has added mottoes with their translations to such papers as were before without them. Among these is a quotation from Mr. Bland's poems; we are happy to see him characterize that author's lines as '*exquisitely beautiful*.' If we add however to the estimation of these labours, the task of going through such an immense mass of essays, as the muster-roll of the names in the introduction presents to us, the largest proportion of which are entirely excluded from the '*Gleaner*,' as containing nothing of sufficient merit, the task has been by no means inconsiderable.

ART. X.—*Select Scottish Songs, ancient and modern; with critical Observations and biographical Notices. By Robert Burns. Edited by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed. 2 Vols. crown 8co. London, Cadell and Davies, 1810.*

SOUTHERNS as we are, we confess ourselves unequal to the task of criticizing these volumes. They consist of remarks from the pen of Burns, on each of the songs of his country, which he seems, as he indeed declares himself, to have studied with more attention and zeal than any body else. They had appeared before in Mr. Cromek's *Reliques of Burns*, but the editor, during a late visit to Scotland, exerted a good deal of assiduity to obtain copies of those songs, which met with the poet's decided approbation; and these are here collected under their appropriate remarks. The occasional touches of feeling, with which the Scottish, as well as our good old English, songs abound, make their way directly to the heart; for they have every association to render them delightful; they are simple, and display no artifice to entrap admiration; and they were perhaps some of the first things that pleased our childhood, when every hope was sanguine and every prospect bright. But the charms of this association have, in our opinion, often blinded the judgment and corrupted the tastes of most eulogists of ballad poetry; and the remarks before us, written as they are by the pen of Robert Burns, appear to us much more warm in the praise of old song than is consistent with good taste. Burns was in this way 'a man of a most unbounded stomach;' nothing seems to come amiss to him; and we often find him lavishing praises upon what we are illiberal enough to suspect, if translated into English, would turn out to be nothing more than vulgar cant, sanctified to the memory by those associations of childhood, which made us familiar with the lower classes of people, and their peculiar language and habits. Let it not be supposed that we think as meanly of an old song, as the citizen at Garraway's, who talks of buying or selling an estate for one. We have a very proper respect for ballad poetry; and can judge from our feelings of old English ballads, what must be a Scotchman's reverence for those of his nation. Many indeed of these have the most powerful charms even for us, Englishmen and reviewers as we are; and we have perused and made ourselves masters of several in the volumes before us, particularly by Burns, Skinner, &c.

which appear to us to be highly beautiful, insomuch that we wish (and many of his countrymen feel the same sentiments) that Burns had written more in English. Many of the songs before us are merely repaired and renovated by that poet; and we always wish he had done more to them. We could readily produce an example of our assertion; but Burns' poetry is sufficiently before the public, and we do not know whether we should be warranted in doing so. Mr. Cromeek has verified the fable of the old man and his ass, by reprinting a Cantata called the Jolly Beggars, which was before to be found in a little Glasgow volume of 'Poems ascribed to Burns,' and which was indisputably his, but which Mr. Cromeek had omitted in his Reliques, from motives of tenderness to the memory of the poet. For this Mr. Walter Scott called however in a review of the latter work; and Mr. Cromeek now avails himself of that authority for its insertion in the present selection. The poem is broad and low, but not exactly indecent. Many of Burns' former songs had sailed quite as near the wind. Mr. Walter Scott's critique, which is beautiful and just, appeared in the Quarterly Review, which, in order to preserve its character as a London publication, talked of 'Our Northern brethren.' This Mr. Cromeek calls a renunciation of Mr. Scott's country, and one of the humiliating shifts to which the man must stoop who lets out his pen for hire. This is surely too hard: Mr. C. had no right to know who was the writer of the review; the artifice was very harmless, and the critique was doubtless voluntary.

Our readers will perhaps be more amused with the following pair of anecdotes, than with any thing else, we could extract from Mr. Cromeek's volumes. The first is of Cunningham, the author of Kate of Aberdeen:

* Cunningham had little consciousness of his own merit as a poet, and seldom wrote but when urged by necessity. His highest ambition was to be considered a great actor, for which he had no requisite either of person or talents. When in Mr. Bates's company of comedians, he had generally a benefit night at North Shields, and being much beloved, numbers flocked to it from Newcastle. He would declare afterwards to his friends, with his usual *naïveté*, that so crowded a house was drawn by his *theatrical eminence*!

* An occurrence not generally known gave the first shock to this good man's heart. His volume of poems was dedicated to Garrick, whom in his admiration of theatrical talent, he would naturally esteem the first man that ever existed. He trudged

up to the metropolis to present his volume to the celebrated character. He saw him; and according to his own phrase, he was treated by him in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable. Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this speech, "Players, Sir, as well as poets, are always poor." The blow was too severe for the poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a second box on the ear, when he returned once more beneath her sheltering roof, and related his sad story. The repulse, however, preyed deeply on his spirits, and drove him to that fatal resource of disappointment, *drum-drinking*. When he had money, he gave it to people in distress, leaving himself penniless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out of the little that was in them, as one takes halfpence from a school-boy to prevent him from purchasing improper trash.

The second anecdote we shall transcribe is an account of the late Joseph Ritson, the antiquary, communicated by a barrister of Gray's Inn.

The late Mr. Ritson lived in the same staircase with me in Gray's Inn for many years, and the common civilities of the day passed between us but nothing more. We never visited. I understood he possessed a great singularity of character; but he was ever polite and civil to me. Early in September, 1803, I frequently heard a great swearing and noise in his chambers, and, on meeting his laundress on the stairs, I asked her the cause of the disturbance I had heard. She answered, that she believed her master was out of his mind, for his conduct in every respect proved him so; and that she was greatly afraid that in his delirium he would do himself or her an injury. She said she had taken him his dinner the day before, but that he had not touched it, and that he never ate animal food. She was then going to him, but expressed a fear that he would burst into a rage and abuse as I had heard him before. The last time she was in his chambers, he had shut himself up; however, she had left his dinner upon the table, and was then going to see if he had eaten it. I said, as she had expressed herself fearful I would go with her to her master, which I accordingly did. I saw his dinner on the table, but he was still shut up in his room. I asked the laundress whether he had any relations in town. She said he had not; but that he had a nephew somewhere in the north, who had lived with him for many years, but that Mr. Ritson had turned him out of his house for eating

animal food. I desired her to endeavour to find out some of his relations or friends, and to apprize them of his unhappy situation, and in the mean time to be very careful of him.

On the 10th of September, about nine o'clock in the evening, on my return to my chambers, my servant told me, that Mr. Ritson had been making a great noise, and that there was a great light in his room, which had alarmed the people in the Steward's Office, and looking from his window, I saw Mr. Ritson's room strewed with books and loose papers, some of which he was gathering up and throwing on the fire, which occasioned the great blaze they had seen. He had a lighted candle in his hand, which he carried about in a very dangerous manner. The steward not being at home, I sent for him to represent to him Mr. Ritson's extraordinary conduct. However, being much alarmed, I went to Mr. Ritson's chambers, and knocked at the door several times, but could get no admission. At last a key was obtained from the laundress, and Mr. Quin, the steward, and myself, with two porters, entered his chambers. He appeared much confused on seeing us, and asked how we came in? We told him by means of the laundress's key. He then asked what we wanted. Mr. Quin told him we came in consequence of the great blaze that appeared in his chambers, believing them to be on fire. He answered, that his fire had gone out, and he was lighting it to make horse-radish tea. Mr. Quin then represented to him the great danger of making his fire with loose papers, particularly as there were so many scattered about the room, some of which had actually taken fire. Mr. Quin therefore begged he would permit the porters to collect them together, and to put them away, and to do any thing he wanted; upon which he said No! No! and in the most peremptory manner ordered them to leave his chambers, saying, they were only servants to the society, and had no business in his chambers. Mr. Quin observed, that consistently with his duty as steward of the inn, he could not leave his chambers in that dangerous situation. Mr. Ritson then appearing much enraged, swore he would make them, for that they came to rob him, and immediately went to his bed-room, and returned with a drawn dagger in his hand, at sight of which, Mr. Quin and the porters immediately left the chambers, Mr. Ritson pursuing them along the passage, and they in their hurry shut the outer door, leaving me in the room. On his return, I disarmed him and begged him to sit down while I explained every thing. He was then very complaisant, and said he did not mean to offend me, but swore vengeance against those who had left the room. He insisted on my going into his best apartment, which I did, and found his books and papers scattered on the floor, as they were in the other chamber. He asked me to drink with him, which I refused. He paid me some compliments as a neighbour, and said he would give me a history of his life. He told me he had a great passion for books, of which he possessed

the finest collection in England. That he had written upon many subjects, and had confuted many who had written upon law and theology. He said he was then writing a pamphlet, proving Jesus Christ an impostor, but that something had lately discomposed him, and he was therefore resolved to destroy many of his MSS. for which purpose he was then sorting his papers. I heard him patiently for an hour and a half, when I advised him to go to bed, which he said he would do, and I left him seemingly composed. About an hour after he became very violent and outrageous, throwing his furniture about his chambers, and breaking his windows. I then went to him again, and endeavoured to pacify him, but without effect. He had a dagger in one hand and a knife in the other, though I had taken the other dagger from him, and carried it to my own chambers. He raved for a considerable time, till being quite exhausted, he went to sleep. A person was then sent for from Hoxton to take care of him, who remained with him five days, and said, that his derangement was incurable. I visited him every day, when he appeared very glad to see me, and said "Here comes my friend, who will set me at liberty;" but violently abused his keeper, and said, *the devil would torment him* for his cruelty in keeping him so confined. It was thought proper by his friends to remove him to a mad-house, where I understand he died in a few days. I have since learned, that his malady was a family disorder, and that his sister died mad.

The song of 'Ther's nae Luck about the House,' is proved to be Mickle's, and not Jean Adam's. Vol. ii. p. 190, l. 3, the word *scene* should surely be *sense*.

We are quite convinced of our incapacity fully to relish the Scottish dialect, for we are of opinion, that Burns has spoiled Sir Robert Ayton's beautiful old English song of

'I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,' &c.

By giving it the Scots dress of

'I do confess thou art so fair
I wad been o'er the lugs in love,' &c.

he thinks he has '*improved the simplicity of it.*'

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 11.—*The Duty of Christians to partake of the Afflictions of the Gospel, considered and enforced, in a Discourse delivered at Portsmouth, on Wednesday, June 26, 1811, before a Society of Unitarian Christians, established in the South of England for promoting the genuine Knowledge of the Scriptures, and the Practice of Virtue, by the distribution of Books. By Thomas Rees. London, Johnson, 1811, 12mo.*

MR. REES has selected II. Tim. 1, 8, for the text of this discourse. He specifies the modes and degrees of persecution, which Christians, who are not inclined to take their creed on trust, but to think for themselves, have yet to encounter. This persecution, according to Mr. Rees,

‘embraces all human laws which take cognizance of religious opinion, which pretend to an authority to create distinctions between the members of a civil community because of the tenets they may severally hold, and give rise to invidious inequalities between men whose attainments and qualifications, both as to knowledge and virtue, entitle them to rank upon a par as subjects of a political state. It comprehends, moreover, all public opinions and prejudices whose tendency is to interfere with the province of conscience; and to interrupt that freedom of inquiry, and that liberty of communicating their thoughts, which are the natural birth-right, and may be classed among the most important privileges, of rational beings.’

But, ‘another affliction,’ says Mr. Rees, ‘endured by the gospel, is the corruption of its doctrines.’ At the head of what he supposes to be doctrinal corruptions, the preacher places that of the ‘Trinity,’ and next in order, come, those of the ‘Atonement,’ of ‘Original Sin,’ of ‘Election and Reprobation.’ Mr. Rees makes some animated strictures on the pernicious influence of these doctrines on the sentiments and conduct. On subjects on which so much has been written, no novelty of remark was to be expected.

Mr. Rees mentions what he calls a third evil, by which ‘Christianity has been afflicted;’ and that is ‘the indifference of those who call themselves its friends.’ Mr. Rees seems willing to ascribe indifference ‘in most cases,’ to ‘inconsideration.’ But we believe, that much of what is called the indifference of the present times, as far as it respects an indifference to points of dark and uncertain theological speculation, is not so much the result of levity as of reflection, not so much the

effect of ignorance or of skepticism, as of knowledge blended with benevolence. A large part of the community is become sufficiently enlightened not to heed the minutiae of polemical disputation. Zeal is good in a good cause; but even in a good cause zeal may become vitious, if it be not confined within the limits of moderation. When those limits are passed, zeal is apt to be infuriated into bigotry, and bigotry is always prone to persecution.

A proselyting spirit is not always accompanied with the love either of virtue or of truth. It is more often malevolent in its origin, corrupt in its proceedings, and mischievous in its influence. A proselyting spirit, however, though it may be the propensity of individuals, is not the general character of the age. This spirit is, in some measure, absorbed by more just and more comprehensive notions of religion than were formerly entertained. Men engaged in more rational pursuits, have ceased to think it worth while to contend whether a hair of theological doctrine should be 'divided by West or North West point.' This may be called indifference; but as far as it is an indifference to petty strifes and puerile logomachies, it is wisdom rather than foolishness, and charity rather than intolerance. The religious horizon is most likely to be serene and unperturbed where indifference is sufficiently prevalent to prevent the tumultuous ferment of hot-headed zeal, and narrow-minded bigotry.

ART. 12.—*On the Divisions among Christians, a Charge, delivered to the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Bedford, by the Rev. S. Vince, A. M. Archdeacon of Bedford, at his primary visitation, held, April, 1810. To which are added, Cautions against being misled by the Unitarian Interpretations of Scripture.* London, Lum, 1811, 8vo.

WE perused with pleasure Mr. Vince's confutation of Atheism, and we commend him for endeavouring on the accession of his new dignity, to make his archidiaconal functions subservient to the edification of his clergy, and for attempting to provide them with an antidote to what he, very conscientiously, deems unscriptural errors, but which others equally conscientiously believe to be scriptural truths of no small magnitude and importance. In the commencement of his charge, the archdeacon laments that such a diversity of opinion should prevail in the Christian world. Now we are not inclined to deem this so much a subject of complaint as the archdeacon seems to feel it to be. For, if all men entertained one and the same opinion respecting the Christian doctrines, what stimulus could be devised to exercise the intellectual faculties of the clergy? Notwithstanding the hosts of heretics which are dispersed over Christendom, many of our divines seem to luxuriate in somnolency and ease; but what would be the case, if not a heretic were to appear once in an age to sharpen the edge of clerical wit, and awaken at

least some of the brotherhood from their deep and dread repose? No opportunity would be furnished for our prelates to discourse on the prevalence of schism, the peril of the establishment or the busy activity of sectaries; and even Mr. Archdeacon Vince need not have composed this charge with the subjoined cautions, in order to guard his brethren against the seductions of the Unitarian creed.

P. 8, Mr. Vince says, 'Revelation was intended to teach us our duties.' In this we entirely agree; but then we would ask the learned archdeacon whether this knowledge can have any necessary connection with a belief of that which we do not understand? What then becomes of the mysteries, which are necessarily unintelligible, or which are mysteries no longer than while they are not understood, but on a belief in which the author very strenuously insists? We do not say, that there are no obscurities in what is called natural religion, but this we do say, that there can be no real, no impenetrable obscurities in revealed. A *revelation* and a *mystery*, as we have often said, are incompatible terms, and we might, with as much truth, say, that black is white, as that a mystery is a revelation. Revealed Religion has nothing to do with mysteries, nor is there a single mystery in the Christian scheme, when rightly understood. The gospel itself is a plain and simple enunciation of the divine will; but it has been rendered intricate and complex by the fraudulent subtlety of man. A system of the most detestable selfishness and ambition has been formed out of a pure and benevolent code, which was originally ushered into the world with the cheering sounds of 'peace on earth and good will towards men.' But this peace has been made to signify perpetual war, and this good will to denote intolerance and persecution. The fault is not in the gospel but in the interpreters.

In a note to the appendix, p. 25—28, Mr. Vince has endeavoured to reconcile the foreknowledge of God with the free will of man, in which he appears to have dilated what we said on that subject in our number for December, 1809, p. 341, &c. We believe, that we suggested the only possible mode of solving that difficult question.

ART. 13.—*Thoughts on the Emancipation of Roman Catholics. By Mr. James Crowley, formerly a Student in the College of Maynooth. London, Hatchard, 1811, 8vo.*

THIS pamphlet, instead of being entitled 'Thoughts on the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics,' ought rather to have been called 'An Attempt to disprove some of the leading Tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.' Mr. James Crowley has lately become a convert to Protestantism; and, like most converts, he appears anxious to prove his sincerity by exposing the errors of the faith which he has relinquished, and the superior excellence of that which he has embraced. We have not discovered

any striking evidence of learning or penetration in this performance. Some of the remarks which the author makes to prove that the clergy of the church of Rome are not 'true followers of the blessed apostles;' are, we fear, applicable to the ministers of other communions, as well as those of the Holy See.

'The apostles, in imitation of our Lord, were remarkably humble: the clergy of the church of Rome, falsely professing themselves to be their followers, were (are?) notoriously proud, imperious and arrogant,' &c. &c.

ART. 14.—*The Connection between the Simplicity of the Gospel and the leading Principles of the Protestant Cause: a Sermon preached July 10, 1811, at St. George's Meeting-house, in Exeter, before the Society of Unitarian Christians, established in the West of England, for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Practice of Virtue, by the Distribution of Books. By John Kentish. London: Johnson, 1811.*

Mr. KENTISH is an able defender of the views and sentiments of Unitarian Christians. The essential principle of Protestantism is, in questions of religious belief, to allow no authority but that of the scriptures. But most of the churches, which, at the era of the reformation, were professedly founded on this principle, have since relinquished it, and have invested certain interpretations of scripture with an authority which belongs only to the scriptures. Creeds and articles have been substituted for Christ and the evangelists. But

'if,' says Mr. Kentish, 'we resist the plea of ecclesiastical authority as maintained by the reputed successors of the apostle Peter, let us be just and impartial, nor consider it as the right of any church whatever. Who are the best and ablest and most correctly informed of our fellow mortals when the inquiry concerns the will of Christ? Are they our masters? Have we been baptized into their names?'

The principles of the reformation must not be identified with the conduct of the reformers. The former are worthy of unqualified praise; but the latter was in many instances very reprehensible, and in nothing more than in introducing the practice of Popish intolerance into the terms of Protestant communion. True Protestantism, as opposed to the spurious and counterfeit, is as knowledge opposed to ignorance, plain and definite terms to terms intricate and equivocal, clear ideas to the obscurities of mystery, and the most comprehensive charity to a spirit of magisterial dogmatism and sectarian animosity. Such are some of the principal marks, by which the true church of Christ may be distinguished from the false.

ART. 15.—*A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who was drowned at Liverpool, August the 5th, 1811, aged twenty Years; preached at Union-street Meeting, Brighton, August 16. By John Styles.* London: Williams, 1811. 1s. 6d.

ALLOWING for the exaggerations of friendship, Mr. Spenceer appears to have been a young man of very promising talents; and the sermon which Mr. Styles has preached on his untimely death, is very creditable to his sensibility.

POLITICS.

ART. 16.—*The Substance of a Speech delivered by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, in a Committee of the House of Commons, May 8, 1811; on the Report of the Bullion Committee. Second Edition.* London: Stockdale, Pall Mall, 1811, 2s.

ART. 17.—*The Substance of a Speech delivered by Lord Viscount Castlereagh, in the House of Commons, July 15, 1811; on the second Reading of Earl Stanhope's Bill.* London: Stockdale, 1811, 2s.

ART. 18.—*The Speech of Mr. Johnstone, on the third Reading of the Bill for preventing the Gold Coin of the Realm from being paid or accepted for a greater Value than the current Value of such Coin; commonly called Lord Stanhope's Bill.* London: Booker, 1811.

LORD CASTLEREAGH, p. 16 (art. 16) ascribes the act of restriction on the cash-payments of the Bank in 1797, principally to the run upon the Bank, occasioned by internal alarm, when it is certain that it was entirely and solely owing to the unprecedented advances of the Bank to government. See the last number of our journal, p. 379. Lord Castlereagh says, p. 17, (art. 16),

'It is obvious that the law, which makes the standard coin the only legal tender, on the part of the Bank of England in discharge of their notes, proceeded upon the supposition of a natural state of things.'

We do not precisely know what the noble lord means here by 'a natural state of things;' but of this we have indubitable evidence that the 'state of things,' whether natural, or unnatural, which preceded the failure of the Bank, was exclusively caused by the subservience of the Bank to the extravagance of the minister. If then the Bank brought this 'unnatural state of things' upon themselves, ought they not to be answerable for the consequences? If a private banker involves himself in distress and embarrassment by an excessive issue of paper, or by the improvident prodigality, or criminal facilities of his accommodations to particular individuals, does the government make an act of parliament to prevent him from paying his debts? But can any good substantial reason be assigned why this favour should have been shown to the Bank of England? The obliga-

tions of justice, are paramount to any act of parliament; and though the parliament passed an act to prevent the Bank from paying their debts, the Bank, as a company of honest men, would have honoured that act more by the breach than the observance. 'Parliament,' says Lord Castlereagh, 'is competent in this as in all other instances, to provide for the public interest.' This is certainly true; but in the case which we are considering, was not the public interest sacrificed to the private emolument of a mercantile company? We do not question the physical potency of parliament to do any thing, even to repeal the ten commandments; but we do question its moral competency to do any thing, which is essentially unjust. What is essentially unjust, is even beyond the sphere of parliamentary permission. If the Pope himself were to tell an honest Catholic that he ought not to pay his debts, the conscience of the Catholic would convince him that he ought not to obey the Pope. In the same manner, the conscience of the Bank, if any conscience they have, should tell them, that they ought to pay their debts in spite even of parliamentary prohibition. Lord Castlereagh, p. 18, calls 'the Restriction bill no breach of public faith.' If it were not a breach, we ask whether it were an observance? Or does the observance of a trust consist in the violation? The noble lord calls this same far-famed Restriction a 'conservative remedy.' Conservative of what? Not surely of the probity of the Bank, nor of the property of its creditors. Not of public faith, nor of private confidence. The Restriction always appeared to us a departure from a system, which had integrity and truth for its basis, for one which has no stay but iniquity, falsehood, and delusion. Lord C. says that 'the supposition that their issues (those of the Bank) are excessive, rests upon no proof.' What proof would the noble lord have? We know of none stronger than the demonstrative. Bank notes, which formerly represented gold, and were, at any time, convertible into gold, can now no longer be exchanged for that metal, except at a discount of near twenty per cent. Now this difference between the value of the two currencies, fixes precisely the degree of depreciation which the paper currency has undergone, and consequently demonstrates the degree of excess in the issue. The depreciation furnishes the true criterion of the excess. Lord C. with other partizans of the Restriction, says that 'Bank paper has preserved its full standard of value with all other commodities, bullion excepted.' This is a fallacy; for bullion is the universal standard of value, and when paper money, from the excess of its issue, bears a less relative value to bullion than it did before, it must bear a less relative value to other commodities than it did before. The price of the quartern loaf is about 20 per cent. higher than it would be if we were not deluged with a paper-circulation. In proportion as Bank-notes fall in value, all commodities must

proportionably rise in price. Or as Mr. Johnstone truly remarks in his excellent speech, p. 30,

'that as the value of all articles depends upon their relative plenty or scarcity, whenever the currency of any community is increased, whether consisting of the precious metals or of paper, it must represent a smaller quantity of all other articles.'

Mr. Johnstone very properly remarks, that

'Too close a connection, too liberal an advance to government, has uniformly first discredited, and ultimately ruined every bank. Governments in their dealings with banks, resemble a class of customers not unusual, who, in order to pay one bill, demand permission to discount another.'

And he very emphatically asks whether the Bank is 'now an independent body, in the same degree as in former years?' This is a very important consideration; for the credit of the Bank must sink in proportion as it degenerates into the mere servile tool of the minister of the day. This, we fear, is the character which it has been gradually assuming, since its obsequious compliances with the demands of Mr. Pitt which led to the catastrophe of its failure in 1797. Whether the Bank have ever been independent since that period, it does not require much sagacity to determine. Mr. Johnstone ably defends the noble stand which Lord King has made, notwithstanding the obloquy with which he has been assailed, to counteract the increasing evil of a depreciated currency. When Hambleton resisted the payment of ship-money, he was stigmatized by the courtiers of that day as deficient both in loyalty and in patriotism. When my Lord King determined to try whether the Bank could lawfully force him to take the value of sixteen shillings instead of a pound, he instantly became an object of the most malevolent misrepresentation and abuse. Ship-money was certainly an arbitrary imposition. And perhaps it will at last be found that to compel a man to take sixteen shillings in payment for a pound, is also an arbitrary imposition.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*The modern Minerva; or, the Bat's Seminary for young Ladies, a Satire on Female Education, by Queen Mab.* London, Macdonald, 1810.

THIS satire is written in the style of the 'Peacock at Home,' and other amusing books of the same kind for the nursery; though from the quarto size we imagine that the author intends it for the perusal of grown children, as it is an inconvenient shape for little boys and girls. The bat opens a seminary for

juvenile fowls, and apprizes their parents and guardians that it is worthy attention for its 'peculiar advantages.' The author's ideas of modern schools, or, more properly speaking, seminaries for young ladies, are expressed in the following lines:

"Dancing, drawing, and music," were taught, terms as usual,
And not even "needle-work" met a refusal;
Not indeed, such coarse sorts as a sempstress supplies,
With linen or samplers to pore out the eyes,
But "fancy-work" gew-gaws, whose texture is such
As ladies may casually venture to touch;
So the French paroquet should new fangle their talk,
And the ape, as drill-serjeant, instruct them to walk;
The squirrel the dancing department pursue,
With capers and skips, as surprising as new.'

In such lines does the author attempt to hold up to ridicule or contempt the present system of school-keeping. How well qualified the author may be to turn counsellor on this important subject, we leave those to judge who will take the trouble of reading the 'Modern Minerva,' though we will not presume to say it will indemnify them for the time which is so employed.

ART. 20.—*The Figured Mantle and the Bridal Day, legendary Tales, with other Poems.* By a *Sussex Clergyman*. London, Longman, 1811, price 5s. 6d.

THE other poems thus specified in the title-page are Flora's drawing-room and an Elegy, or as the author calls it, an *Elogy* on the death of the Right Hon. William Pitt. It is somewhat laughable after reading lines fit only for the amusement of children under seven years of age about jasmines, daisies, and bachelor's buttons, to find the next page open with the following dolorous specimen of the gentleman's poetic genius:

'Hark! the bell's deep and slow-repeating sound,
Summons Reflection from her care-worn cell;
Gives, while mute horror sheds her influence round,
The awful tidings of our patriot's knell.'

And still more absurd the following couplet:

'Yet, other labours could thy powers embrace,
Thy talents various, as thy mind was great;
Whether the mazes of finance to trace,
And fix the tott'ring credit of the state.'

We should have thought this praise on his expertness in establishing the *credit of the state* somewhat mal-a-propos, at the present moment, but our *Sussex clergyman* appears to understand times and seasons better than we do. We should also

have thought that a clergyman might have employed the leisure moments from back gammon with the squire of his parish in something more consistent than poetizing Mr. Pitt side by side with bad rhymes on a daffodill, a catch fly, or a flos Adonis. Nor do we think that *the great statesman*, had he been alive, would have rewarded our author by a snug benefice for placing him in such harmless company.

ART. 21.—*Original Poetry; consisting of fugitive Pieces, by a Lady lately deceased, and miscellaneous Poems. By several Authors.* London, Crosby, 1811, price 5s.

WE are told in the preface that the productions of the deceased lady are well calculated to 'pourtray the loveliness of virtue and the deformity of vice;' and that the whole is rendered subservient to the promotion of fervent piety and true devotion. They are on the following subjects: Friendship, Happiness, Solitude, Melancholy, the genius of Watts, with three Psalms paraphrased, a fragment (of we scarcely know what), Reflections on the close of a year, and commencement of a new one. In each of these we have found, what the preface promised us, virtue and vice pourtrayed, though not in lines above mediocrity. They are all of them of rather a gloomy cast, written in all probability to fill up a leisure hour, and not intended to meet the public eye. Indeed they are so few, that, without the aid of the miscellaneous addition, they would not have made a book even in this age of book-making. The best of these little pieces is that on Solitude; and amongst the miscellaneous, the Picture of rural Life has the most merit. The appendix consists of five letters on the subject of happiness, all very good, very holy, and very melancholy, full of faith, and full of hope of meeting with pardon, with love, and with peace through a crucified Redeemer.

ART. 22.—*Poems on moral and religious Subjects, to which are prefixed, introductory Remarks on a Course of female Education. By A. Flowerdew. Third Edition; containing several additional Poems.* London, Sherwood, &c. 5s.

THIS little volume exhibits some pleasing specimens of the good sense and piety of the amiable writer. The efficacy of Hope is thus feelingly expressed:

' Yes; gentle HOPE! sweet cheering power,
Thou never prov'st unkind,
At thy approach the fiend despair,
Swift flies the tortur'd mind.
' Thy hand alone supports my soul
Through every gloomy way;

Still pointing to the gentle calm
 That ends the stormy day.
 'What though affliction's storm seems long,
 Yet with this life 'twill cease;
 Time soon will bring me to the tomb,
 Where I shall rest in peace.
 'Beyond the grave that soon must close
 Around my mould'ring clay;
 My kind conductress leads me on,
 To realms of endless day.
 'There all his dark mysterious ways,
 My Father will reveal;
 There shall I know 'tis *Wisdom's* self
 Prescribes whate'er I feel.'

The *introductory remarks* on a course of FEMALE EDUCATION, are practical and judicious. From the end of the volume we learn that Mrs. F. conducts a school for twelve young ladies at St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk. We wish her success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 23.—*Dix's Juvenile Atlas, containing forty-four Maps, with plain Directions for copying them. Designed for junior Classes.* London, Darton, 4to. 10s. 6d. and full coloured, 14s.

THE practice of copying maps is of great service to perpetuate the figures, magnitudes, and positions of countries, the courses of rivers, the distances of places, &c. in the memory. The present work of Mr. Dix will answer the purpose of teaching, in a very effectual manner, the first outlines of geography; but the maps are very deficient in the names of places, which might have been rendered more numerous with advantage to the learner, and without too much crowding the surface of the plates.

ART. 24.—*An Account of the Ravages committed in Ceylon by Small-pox, previously to the Introduction of Vaccination; with a Statement of the Circumstances attending the Introduction, Progress, and Success of Vaccine Inoculation in that Island.* By Thomas Christie, M.D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh; and lately Medical Superintendent-general in Ceylon. London, Murray, 1811, 8vo.

WE shall notice, as briefly as we can, the principal facts in the present publication. As soon as the Hon. Frederick North became governor of Ceylon, he humanely ordered hospitals to be established for the reception of those, who were afflicted with the small-pox, as well as with a view of extending the practice

of inoculation. He at the same time made several wise and cautionary regulations for diminishing the horrors of that infectious malady, by which the inhabitants of Columbo are said to have been generally visited 'during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon.' This constantly recurring plague made great ravages in the island, often depopulating whole villages, and spreading horror and despair wherever it appeared. In 1800 Mr. Christie, the author of this pamphlet, was placed at the head of the small-pox hospitals in Ceylon. He details the plan of these establishments, by which the variolous malady was repressed, and the sufferings of the infected alleviated. From the 1st of October, 1800, to the 30th of September, 1802, the number of persons with natural small-pox in the hospitals and villages in Ceylon amounted to 2110, of whom 473 fell victims to the disease. The number of inoculated persons was 4158, and of these 108 died. In August, 1802, the vaccine virus, or, as we should rather call it, the variolous *antidote*, was introduced into Ceylon. By the wise regulations of the government, and the benevolent activity of the medical gentlemen, it was rapidly diffused over the island. By a very judicious plan of proceeding, all farther inoculations for the small-pox were prohibited; and the previous establishments for that disease abandoned as unnecessary, whilst the most efficacious means were employed for spreading the blessing of vaccination. In little more than three months after the introduction of the cow-pox into Ceylon, upwards of ten thousand persons had been vaccinated without 'any sinister event, or dangerous symptom' supervening, in consequence of the inoculation. Various trials were made to ascertain the efficacy of the vaccine antidote; and that efficacy was established to the entire satisfaction of every person capable of forming an opinion on the subject. As a proof of its preservative virtue, the small-pox, which for eight preceding years had been constantly prevalent, in a greater or less degree, in the Pettah, or Black Town of Columbo, was in 1803 banished from the neighbourhood of that settlement. In May, 1805, the small-pox 'prevailed in the Candian country,' but it did not infest the British territory, though it increased the number of applicants for vaccination. After this some few cases of small-pox occasionally occurred at Columbo, but no person caught it who had been vaccinated. In 1806 no less than 26,207 persons were vaccinated throughout the different districts in Ceylon; and the aggregate of vaccinations since the year 1802, amounted to 103,335. We are happy to state that vaccination has now been so generally diffused throughout the island, that the recurrence of the variolous plague need no longer be an object of alarm.

ART. 25.—*The Poetical Works of Oliver Goldsmith, with Remarks, attempting to ascertain, chiefly from local Observation, the actual Scene of the Deserted Village; and illustrative Engravings by Mr. Alkin, from Drawings taken upon the Spot. By the Rev. R. H. Newell, B. D. London, Suttaby, 1811.*

WE are induced to notice this splendid edition of Goldsmith's poetical works chiefly by the beauty of the engravings, and the interest which we felt in perusing Mr. Newell's topographical remarks. The engravings are six in number, besides an exquisite vignette, which is placed under the inscription of the sketches to Mr. William Payne. Mr. Newell has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to identify the scenery of the Deserted Village, with that of Lishoy, a village in the county of Westmeath, in Ireland. This village was the haunt of Goldsmith's early years, and it appears to have made an impression on his mind which was never afterwards effaced. The traces of its imagery were associated with many recollections of youthful delight, too sweet and too endearing to be easily forgotten. 'If,' says Goldsmith in a letter to his brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson, Esq. of Lishoy, 'I climb up Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in to me the most pleasing horizon in nature.' 'The inhabitants of Lishoy,' says Mr. Newell, 'point out remains of the principal objects in the poem, and all of them, in situation exactly corresponding with the description here given.'

The lovers of Goldsmith will, we are convinced, be thankful to Mr. Newell for the pains which he has taken to illustrate the scenery, &c. of his Deserted Village.

ART. 26.—*A serious Address to the Public on the Practice of Vaccination, in which the late Failure of that Operation in the Family of Earl Grosvenor is particularly adverted to. Sold for the Benefit of the Portuguese Sufferers. London, Murray, 1811, 8vo.*

THIS address is well worthy the attention of those, whose apprehensions of the general insecurity of vaccination have been excited by the particular case of failure in the Grosvenor family. The vivid sensation of alarm, which was occasioned by that case, is a proof that those instances in which the vaccine inoculation fails to prevent the infection of small-pox, must be considered as extraordinary anomalies, from which no conclusion can be drawn which can at all affect the general reasoning on the subject, or invalidate the inference which is forced upon us by the multiplicity of cases in which the vaccine inoculation has completely counteracted the force of the variolous contagion. With all the isolated instances of the insecurity of

vaccination which the most zealous Anti-vaccinists can produce, the superior advantages of the vaccine to the variolous inoculation are susceptible of demonstrative proof, as far as such proof can be founded on arithmetical calculation. Vaccination has now been tried in some millions of cases in different parts and climates of the world, and well attested instances of its occasional failure in certain peculiarities of constitution are so few as scarcely to deserve consideration in that enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject which philosophy suggests and humanity approves.

ART. 27.—*A Practical Essay on the Art of Flower Painting, comprehending Instructions in the Drawing, Chiaro-Scufo, Choice, Composition, Colouring, and Execution or Finishing of Flowers, together with general Directions and Accounts of the Lives and Works of eminent Flower Painters. By John Carl Burgess, Professor and Teacher of Drawing and Painting, and an Exhibiter at the Royal Academy of Arts, London. London, Eber, 1811, price 8s.*

MR. BURGESS's Instructions on Flower Painting are laid down in a plain and judicious manner, so that by a little attention the learner may derive as much advantage from it as a work of this kind can confer. Mr. Burgess points out the most material part in drawing, which in flower painting particularly, cannot be too attentively studied, namely, the *outline*, on the nicety of which the accuracy and beauty of the painting so much depend. Nor is the study of the Chiaro-Scufo an object of inferior importance, and this we very seldom see chastely executed. The art of painting flowers consists in the knowledge and practice of the following component parts. The Outline, the Chiaro-Scufo, the Choice of Subjects, the Grouping, the Colouring, and the Finishing. Young students, without staying minutely to study the Outline, are usually impatient to advance too rapidly; and thus neglect the attainment of those rudiments of the art, which are as essential for the painter perfectly to understand, as it is to learn the rudiments of a language before you can write it well. Our Misses and Masters are apt to think themselves perfectly *au fait* at flower painting, provided they can daub over a rose or a wreath of non-descripts; here they stop, and do not attempt any thing further, whereas flower-painting requires much studious toil, much nicety and exactness, and very delicate colouring. A correct and free outline ought never to be dispensed with, and the scholar should for some length of time be confined to the copying of the *outlines* of flowers only, if he wish to attain any degree of excellence. In order to acquire freedom and boldness, beginners should sketch from large objects, and they should never forget, that there is as much spirit in a good outline, as there is in the colouring and finishing of the piece. Mr. Burgess very properly lays great stress upon this

branch of the art, and very sensibly enforces the necessity of observing it. The next part of importance is the Chiaro-Scuro, and this can be attained only by an unremitting attention to natural objects. In this work, the author furnishes very good instructions for throwing on the lights and shades, so as to produce a masterly combination of the outline, for outline will have no advantage, if unaccompanied with a 'judicious display of light and shade.' His observations on the choice of subjects he divides into the simple, the pleasing, the beautiful, the elegant, and the grand; but on this subject he does not point out any thing very striking or new, any more than on the Grouping or Composition. In the latter much depends on the observation of nature and in placing the flowers so that their separate colours and forms set off each other, whilst they are so arranged as to have an easy and graceful appearance. The student will derive much benefit from attending to what Mr. Burgess remarks on colouring. Much depends on well mixing the colours. Mr. B. dissuades us from mixing the colours with spirits, as this method gives only a temporary brilliancy. His directions on colours, and their use, are very plain and sensible. The camel's-hair pencils, when well pointed, may certainly answer every purpose for flower painting; but we must own, that we give the preference to the pencils of sable's hair, if they are perfectly secured in the quill. This little treatise will be useful to the learner, and it might have been still more so, if Mr. Burgess had omitted the trifling biographical notices of several painters at the end. This would have lessened the price of the work, or the same quantity of letter-press might have been devoted to matter more conducive to proficiency in the elegant art of flower painting.

ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΥΣ ΟΙΔΙΠΟΥΣ ~~και~~ ΚΟΛΩΝΩ. *Sophoclis Œdipus Colonicis, cum notis, ex editionibus Rich. F. P. Brunck, &c. in usum Scholæ Harroviensis. Mackinlay, Londini, 1810, small 8vo.*

WE have somewhere mentioned the Œdipus Tyrannus, which preceded this neat little single play, and cursorily commended the form in which it appeared, adding, however, a remark or two, which we thought might benefit such an edition of Sophocles's plays, of which these are the two first parts. The notes are past criticism in the present day: they are collated from the two editions printed at Strasbourg in 1786 and 1788.

The typographical correctness and execution of the book, its moderate size, its reasonable price, and its invaluable notes, will recommend the present impression very speedily, if other large seminaries do not, through a jealousy of the Establishment for which it is printed, shut their eyes to its excellencies.

*Alphabetical Catalogue, or List of Books published
in September, 1811.*

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This Day is published, price 2s. 6d.

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